THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For NOVEMBER, 1814.

VOL. XII.

The Seventy-first Number.

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M.'s *communication would far exceed the utmost limits we could possibly allow.*

S. C. *shall be apprized of our intentions by a private letter.*

The known respectability of our correspondent who signs himself Humanus, *would alone be sufficient to preclude the suspicion at which he hints.*

We beg to remind T. T. *that our work is not a Review, and we believe that it is not usual with publications of that kind to accept criticisms ready made.*

W. R.—Indagator—Florello—Seraphina—A Political Portrait, *and* The Dupe, *are not adapted to our Miscellany.*

A Sonnet *by* D. J. P. A. *and an* Ode on the Fall of Bonaparte, *are received.*

Several articles of Literary Intelligence reached us too late for insertion in the present Number.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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———The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 192.)

MISS K. When I would draw, or, as you may call it, invent, if you like, flocks and herds, I do it in this way. These sheep are from Raphael—I thus turn them into cows, bulls, and goats.

Miss *Eve*. Yes; I see you have only reversed this, but copied the great structure, the long lines, harmony, &c. I perceive that we may pilfer for ever, in millions of instances, and set detection at defiance. If this can be done, of what use is genius?

Miss *K*. Figures, landscapes, in short, every thing may be thus parodied, from the most sublime to the lowest composition. Thus, when I would design a shipwreck, I consider the works of the Peters, Parulles, Vandevelde, Backhuysen, old Wyke, &c. Here is a smudge I made for the effect of the shipwreck of William from Borzoni.

Miss *Eve*. In your picture, I observe, you have represented in the distance ships driving and tossing in the waves, the masts in different directions.

Miss *K*. This gives the idea of motion, as also the swag or sidle of the vessels, and produces what is termed buoyancy.

Miss *Eve*. What character, force, breadth, transparency, and firmness of touch you have introduced! what a harrowing squall! how black and awful! it almost makes me shrink—the sails fluttering in the wind, and the sea-gulls winging their way, as if hurrying over the turbulent waves to the scene of death—the light, sublime break in the clouds, the rain pouring, &c.

Miss *K*. There is sentiment in all nature: a knowledge of what produces the various impressions on our feelings, confers, in a high degree, what is denominated genius, by which the mind may be, as it were, mechanically acted up-

on, as a skilful chemist can, by drugs, variously affect the body. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, teaches a great deal of this. By certain rules, awe, terror, pity, love, and the other passions may be excited.

Miss *Eve.* It is the same in acting. The best actor works most forcibly on our feelings. In this particular, Garrick was superior to the silver-tongued Barry.

Miss *K.* All this is very much the effect of certain rules. A helpless infant, or a young beauty in distress, excites pity; virtue and the kind heart, sunk to poverty and woe, and a thousand other situations, produce their peculiar emotions, and are the materials with which the dramatist, the novel-writer, the painter, and poet, work. The customs alter, nature remains the same. This is well understood by Fuseli, as he has shewn, especially in his *Fairies.* The works of such artists are always interesting: and all this, as Reynolds observes, is very much under the dominion of rules; for it is not the nature of chance to produce works of merit with any constancy and certainty. Fuseli would stand no more chance of a capital prize in the lottery, by any ticket he might select, than my Romeo would. An artist may study the rules of drawing, and may not study the nature of the mind.

Miss *Eve.* Is there not a natural difference in the mind? Some will comprehend variously, extensively, accurately, will draw or write in tears, be affected themselves and affect others; while some are cold as marble. Some are of generous natures, as Lady Montague observes at the conclusion of every verse of a song which she wrote:—

> No, 'twas your generous nature,
> Bold, soft, sincere, and gay;
> It shone in every feature,
> And stole my heart away.

Miss *K.* Yes; there is much difference in the natural structure of the mind: yet very much is under the dominion of rules, and much may be gained by an artful method of availing ourselves of the works of others, as I was observing just now of the favourite ballad of *Jocky and Jenny*, which is the very old song of the *Scoth Haymakers* worked up and improved. The line I mentioned in Cowper's *Crazy Kate*, is another instance of this. Thousands of such examples may easily be produced in the works of the best writers, painters, sculptors, architects, &c.

It is said, that some are more conceited of their natural powers than they ought to be; on the other hand, many are too much depressed, and entertain a humbler opinion of their native powers than they ought to have, especially when they compare their own attempts in art with the much more successful efforts of some others.

Miss *Eve.* Many of these do not know, that they are breaking down a castle with their fist or a hammer, while others are using cannon and battering-rams, parodying, continually copying or skimming the cream of their most successful predecessors.—

But we were speaking of your picture.—I observe the ships are of the sort that were used in the 12th century. Some artists, without a proper attention to the costume in such a subject as this, might intro-

duce the modern improvements in naval architecture; perhaps represent the crew in the dress of the present day, some of them attempting to escape with a life-preserver, or firing signals of distress 200 years before gun-powder was invented, with a thousand similar absurdities. Time and place you have here pourtrayed with great accuracy.

Miss *Eve.* I think Henry I. the father of the unfortunate William and Maud Countess of Perche, was a handsome, brave, and accomplished man, and, for his great learning, called *Beau Clerc*, or *the Scholar*.

Miss *K.* It is related, that his person was manly, his contenance engaging, his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. He was brave, affable, sagacious, and eloquent, extremely temperate in his meals, inexorable against offenders, and so great a lover of learning, that he acquired the surname you have mentioned. Ambition, however, was his ruling passion; for to this, in the case of his brother Robert, he certainly sacrificed all the principles of justice and of humanity.

Miss *Eve.* Many of the kings of England, since Egbert, the first king of this country in the 9th century, have had distinguishing appellations or surnames.

Miss *K.* Yes, nearly twenty; seven before the Norman conquest, and twelve since.

Alfred the Great in the 9th cent.
Edward the Elder . . 10th —
Edward the Martyr . 10th —
Edmund Ironsides . . 11th —
Canute the Great . . 11th —
Harold Harefoot . . 11th —
Edward the Confessor 11th cent.
William the Conqueror 11th —
William II. Rufus . . 11th —
Henry I. Beau Clerc . 12th —
Richard I. Cœur de Lion 12th —
John Lackland . . . 13th —
Henry III. of Winchester 13th —
Edward I. Longshanks 14th —
Henry IV. of Bolingbroke 15th —
Henry V. of Monmouth 15th —
Henry VI. of Windsor 15th —
Richard III. Crook-back 15th —
Charles I. the Martyr . 17th —

and the twentieth may be called George the Good, who lives at present in the 19th century, and whose reign and life have extended considerably beyond the ordinary duration.

Miss *Eve.* Among men who have distinguished themselves in literature or the arts, which do you recollect to have passed the age of seventy?

Miss *K.* These are very numerous. I will first mention those I recollect, who died at and above the age of 90.

Bernard le Bavier de Fontenelle 100
Titian 99
Charles Macklin 98
Gaspard Duchange 96
Michael Coxis 95
René Descartes } 94
Claude Mellan }
Sir Christopher Wren } . . . 91
Roger Long }
Charles de St. Evremond }
Michael Angelo Buonarotti } 90
Thomas Hobbes }

Of the females, Magdalen Scudery lived to 94, and Ninon de l'Enclos to the age of 90.

The above names are well known. Duchange and Mellan were celebrated engravers; Coxis was a

painter—he studied Michael Angelo; Charles Macklin, the celebrated actor——

Miss *Eve.* Who was particularly distinguished for his representation of Shylock, and under whose portrait I have seen inscribed—

> This is the Jew
> That Shakspeare drew.

Is Henry Jenkins the oldest man you have read of in modern times?

Miss *K.* No: one is said to have lived 29 years longer than old Jenkins.—Here is a little memorandum-book, in which I have entered a short account of some persons remarkable for longevity.

Don John Taveira de Lima, Knight of the order of Christ, died in Portugal in 1738, aged 198 years. He had been from a lad in the service of the crown; from a common soldier he passed successively through the degrees of ensign, adjutant, captain, major, colonel, and lieutenant-general. He was then preferred to the government of the city of Moncoan, and his Portuguese majesty at last, in consideration of his long and faithful services, rewarded him with the patent and pay of brigadier of all his armies. He is the oldest modern man on record.

Henry Jenkins, born in Yorkshire, 1501, died December 1670, aged 169.

Thomas Parr, son of John Parr, of Winnington, in the parish of Aldenbury, in the county of Salop, born in Shropshire, February, 1483; died November, 1635, aged 152 years 9 months; buried in Westminster Abbey.

Christopher Jacobson Drakenborg, of Aarhus, Norway, born November 11, 1626; died October 9, 1772, aged 146.

—— Macfindley, Esq. of Tipperary, died June 1773, aged 143.

William Leland, of Ireland, died January, 1732, aged 139.

Mr. Fairbrother, of Wigan, Lancashire, died in May, 1770, aged 138.

Mr. John Mount, of Langholm, Dumfries, Scotland, died March, 1776; and Mr. Mowat, surgeon, Dumfries, died February 21, 1776, both aged 136.

Peter Garden, of Aucherness, Scotland, died in January, 1775, aged 131.

Mr. W. Ellis, of Liverpool, died in 1789, aged 130 years 6 months.

Mr. John Sheldon, died at West Bromwich in 1802, aged 129.

Mr. Tice died at Hagley, Worcestershire, Feb. 26, 1774, aged 125.

Samuel Pinnock died at Kingston, Jamaica, May 16, 1796, aged 125.

St. Patrick, first Bishop of Ireland, died in 491, aged 122.

Mr. Marmaduke Bell, Deputy Ranger of the Curragh of Kildare, died there in August, 1802, aged 108. He was a rider at the York races in 1714.

Here is a portrait engraved in 1797. Under it is written—"Isaac Ingal, born in 1679, and is now living (aged 118) in Lady Webster's family at Battle Abbey, Sussex, where he has been a domestic upwards of 90 years."

Here are the inscriptions on the monuments erected to the memory of Henry Jenkins and Thomas Parr. The first is at Bolton, in Yorkshire:—

"Blush not, marble, to rescue

from oblivion the memory of Henry Jenkins, a person obscure in birth, but of a life truly memorable; for he was enriched with the goods of Nature, if not of Fortune, and happy in the duration, if not the variety of his enjoyments; and though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's life and length of days, to teach mistaken man those blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of 169; was interred December 6, 1670, and had this justice done to his memory in 1743."

The following is in Westminster Abbey:—

"Thomas Parr, of the county of Salop, born anno 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten princes, viz. Edward IV. Edward V. Richard III. Henry VII. and VIII. Edward VI. Mary, Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. He died in London, aged 152 years; and was buried here November 15, 1635."

Miss *Eve.* Have you any memorandums of persons of our sex remarkable for their great age? I have often heard my nurse say—

The life of a man is threescore and ten,
But the life of a woman nobody knows when.

Miss *K.* Here are a few that I have noticed:—

Catherine Countess of Desmond, died aged 140
Margaret Patten 136
Elizabeth Merchant, of Hamilton's Bawn, Ireland, died in 1761 133
Mrs. Keith, died at Newnham, Gloucestershire, June 21, 1772 133
Mary Yates, of Shiffnal, Aug. 1776 128
Mary Ellis, of Leigh, June 3, 1609 119
Mary Jefferies, of Pye-street, Westminster, November 27, 1796 115

Miss *Eve.* Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Dr. Edward Young*, who died in 1765, aged 84, says, in allusion to his long life, Where was the world into which he entered? meaning the world's inhabitants; and yet this old doctor was 114 years younger than Don John Taveira. If, as it is said, a generation passes away in about 33 years, he must have seen six generations in his life of 198 years.

Miss *K.* Here is an inscription, which is to be seen against the wall of a church-yard in Tothill Fields, Westminster:—"Near this place lieth Margaret Patten, who died June 26, 1739, in the parish workhouse, aged 136 years:" and here is an inscription to the memory of Miss Ellis, too ludicrous one would think to be found under ground among the dead. It is in a vault in the church-yard of Leigh, Essex:—"Here lies the body of Mary Ellis, daughter of Thomas Ellis and Lydia his wife, of this parish. She was a virgin of virtuous courage and very promising hopes, and died the 3d of June, 1609, aged one hundred and nineteen."

Miss *Eve.* Titian Vecelli, that prince of colourists among the modern painters, who died aged 99, seems as in his youth when compared to Don John Taveira, almost a century younger, and what is called the age of man, 70 years, younger than old Harry Jenkins.

Miss *K.* Yes, as a bright colour,

appears dull when placed beside another that is much brighter, so all things go by comparison.

Miss *Eve.* You shewed me a sort of pedigree of art of Rubens and Rembrandt, those celebrated colourists—have you formed one of Titian?

Miss *K.* Yes, here is one.

Giottino, born 1324, at Florence, imitated Giotto, who was born 1276, at Vespignano. He was pupil to Cimabue, born at Florence 1240; and he was pupil to some Greek artists at Florence.

Giovanni di Fiesoli, called Angelico of Fiesoli.

Gentili di Fabriano, 1332, Verona

Giacomo Bellini, Venice

Giovanni Bellini, 1422, Venice

TIZIANO VECELLI, called TITIAN, born at Cadore, in Friuli, 1480; some say, 1477.

Barent, Calker, Conterini, Dossi, Elmudo, Navarra, Pietro Rosa, Schiavoni, Franc. Verdizotti, Zelotti

Bonvincino, Campagnola, Maginga, Madalino, Old Palma, Robes, Tintoret, Hor. and Mar. Vecelli, Zustrus

Paolo Francisco, called Fiamingo

Dominico and Merutti Tintoret

NAMES OF SIXTEEN PAINTERS WHO IMITATED TITIAN.

- Coello, called the Portuguese Titian
- V. Corte
- Donado
- Foler
- Lancrinck
- Leismann
- Liagno, called the Little Titian
- Mazzuchelli, called Morozoni
- The Younger Palma
- Pasqualeno
- Pauza
- Plaas
- Polo
- Romanino
- Simon de Vos
- Zeriguana

Miss *Eve.* Coello is called the Portuguese Titian, Liagno the Little Titian, and I think Navarra is styled the Spanish Titian.

Miss *K.* Yes; Giovanni Fernandez de Navarra, called Navarrete and the Spanish Titian, was pupil to Titian. Coello and Liagno were only imitators of the greatest of modern colourists. There were two Coellos: Alonzo Sanchez Coello, born 1515, in Portugal, the painter we were speaking of; the other, Don Claudio Coello, a native of Madrid. P. de Liagno was also born at Madrid, in 1573.

Miss *Eve.* The Spanish painters have had great opportunities of studying Titian, there being so many of his works in the Escurial.

Miss *K.* Yes; Venice and the Escurial contain many of his best pictures.

Miss *Eve.* I much admire the brisk pencilling, the spirited touch, as Reynolds calls it, of Don Diego Velasquez.

Miss *K.* Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, son of Francisco Herrera Pacheco, was born at Seville, 1594; died of a fever, August 6, 1660, and was buried in the parochial church of St. Juan. This painter was knighted. It has been justly observed, that those painters who would obtain honours, gold chains, medals, and riches, should be ornamental painters: it is not every mind that can appreciate the highest departments.

Miss *Eve.* Ornamental pictures are addressed to the eye; almost every one has eyes; the highest departments address the mind, but few possess what the scientific understand by a mind. One gains the million, the other the intelligent few.

Miss *K.* Here is a description of the dress of Velasquez :—

"In the year 1660 Lewis XIV. King of France, demanded the Infanta Donna Maria Teresa in marriage, and Velasquez, in execution of his office, set out before the court. This interview took place in the month of June, when Lewis XIV. after being splendidly regaled, and having interchanged several magnificent presents with the Catholic king, received his bride; and Philip returned to San Sebastian. In all these splendid ceremonials Velasquez officiated in quality of his post, adorned with the insignia of his knighthood and other dignities, magnificently apparelled in a vest of Golilla, with rich silver lace of Milan, according to the fashion of the times: on his cloak the red cross profusely adorned with diamonds and other precious stones; a beautiful silver-hilted sword, of exquisite workmanship, with figures in relievo, made in Italy; a costly gold chain round his collar, with the order of Santiago appending to it, in a magnificent setting of diamonds."

Miss *Eve.* There is a similarity in the characters of Rubens and Velasquez; both were eminent ornamental painters; and 30 years before, Rubens came to England as ambassador from the Infanta Isabella and Philip IV. of Spain to King Charles I. on a treaty of peace between the two crowns. As he sacrificed so much to brilliancy and shew in his pictures, it is likely that his cloak was not very plain.

Miss *K.* No; it had probably

a few diamonds about it when he was introduced to Charles I. in the character of ambassador.

Miss *Eve.* The marriage of Donna Maria Teresa with Lewis XIV. called the Great, took place about the time of the restoration of Charles II. of England.

Miss *K.* Yes; Charles II. was restored in May, 1660. This marriage took place a month afterwards, and Velasquez enjoyed the honour of knighthood only three months, as he died in August of the same year.

JUNINUS.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. X.

I would give even to the street beggar, that I might keep up in myself the *habit* of benevolence; it *might* do him no good, but it would awaken exercise, and thereby confirm the principle and feeling of charity in myself.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

IF, as it is said, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," or rather, if this sentence of holy writ, which is so continually issuing from the lips of the religious and the irreligious, be believed, how is it that so many miserable objects pass us unheeded, or that so many deep plaints of sorrow are driven in anger from our doors, and are continually suffered to break upon our ears, if not with insult, at least without pity? Why all this unnecessary hardening of the heart towards our fellow-travellers to the same bourn, when a very small pittance from each of us would be more consistent with that Christian charity which we profess? How do we know but that Almighty power which raised us up to-day in prosperity, may bow us down to-morrow in adversity; and we may, in our turn, become even more debased than the object who now solicits our alms? What man is there in these times that can say, I *will* be rich to-morrow? The butterfly is a worm one moment, the next is dressed more gaily than Solomon in all his glory; a little longer time, and it is no more! Its pride vanishes ere the next day's dawn at most, even should it escape a premature death by the clutch of its urchin pursuer.

I have been so often borne down with words rather than arguments, for my improper defence, as it has been termed, of promiscuous charity, that I resolved to hold my peace for the future on this subject, although unconvinced of the fallacy of my reasoning; but, sheltering myself under the privileges of an essayist, I shall, through the medium of my *Cogitations*, dare once more to broach my favourite subject. From my fair readers, I trust, I shall receive more attention than from my own dictatorial sex, for Charity is a feminine virtue, and painters delineate her in the form of the softer sex.

To what churchwarden's lady the abolition of pockets is owing, and the *ridicule* owes its celebrity, I know not. In the company of a fan, a vinegaret, or a pocket-handkerchief scented with attar of roses, vulgar copper halfpence can hope for no place. For them in vain the poor sweeper wears her broom to the stump; the fair, without heeding

her exertions, pass over her swept crossing without remuneration. The glossy white silk stocking and the Nankeen shoe disdain to owe their security to a pauper: but where is the man who has a side pocket, or who doats upon a clean-turned ancle, who would refuse his mite to keep unsullied so bright an exhibition? For us poor authors, to whom an invitation to a tea and turn-out party is a sufficient tax upon our dress shoes; we, who can ill afford the charge of coach-hire to carry us decently to a *petit soupér*, from us the street-sweeper is entitled to the most unreserved gratitude; and I am weak enough to confess, that I could never stride over a clean crossway, on which a poor wretch has spent his broom and his strength, without paying the accustomed trifle, or, in lack of halfpence, scoring it up in my brain as a just debt to be paid some time or other. I have read somewhere of a poor devil soliciting a gentleman to bestow his charity. —"I owe you one," he retorted. —"Aye, sir," said the poor dependant, "'tis unknown the credit we sweepers give this way." However, I keep my word. Often, when booted, have I rushed through the mud, or, availing myself of the sweeper's exertions, contracted debts as long as any milk-score. To a gentleman with a contracted leg, who plies from Charlotte-street to Rathbone-place, I now owe two-pence; and to another artist at Chancery-lane I am indebted one penny. But to be serious; there are some men who really are such adepts in *theoretical* virtues, that there is no being a match for them; men who have so many negative qualities, so many left-handed systems of morality, and who make so many jumps over their duty, that it is impossible to catch them. "Charity," says my friend Ephraim Smooth, "is one of the first of virtues."—"How then is it, my friend," I replied, "that you pass unheeded so many objects on which you might exercise such a quality?"—"What!" retorts my friend, "do you call that charity which indulges idleness and imposition? No, no; find out some poor wretch too proud to beg, and who languishes in a corner, ashamed to meet the public eye; one who has seen better days; and many such there are."—"Stop, my friend, said I, "I have heard this argument before; but, trust me, want and a dark night are sovereign cures for these nice feelings: but, perhaps, when you give, you must bestow your mite on some obscure and *interesting* female, who was once a *thing* of impertinence; some *poor gentleman* who has ruined his creditors; or some genteel visionary who has broken his parent's heart, from his idleness, or from a false pride to which he had not the smallest claim; or to some other personage possessing the 'caps and bells' of poverty: but do you even ever look out for such objects?" —No, he had no time.—"Then truly, friend Ephraim, you have found out an excellent subterfuge for keeping your money in your pocket. You say, you may, by giving, encourage idleness; are you sure that objects of charity would not work, could they procure employment? Impostors there are doubtless many; but regard that man, look at that fellow hopping

along, he has on a blue jacket; he will accost you, hoping that your honour's boots may not spring a leak, that you may never lie on a lee shore, or that your noble consort will drop a shot in your *wake*. I grant you, that though he begs you to remember poor Jack, though he declares that he lost his precious limb with the glorious Nelson, he may not be a sailor; but you see his leg is cut off close to the stump, there are no leg and foot tied up over a timber toe. Surely this fellow did not suffer amputation for the pleasure of gaining a few casual halfpence; and whether he lost his limb by the cogs of a mill, or an enemy's shot, surely he deserves your compassionate consideration—he cannot be an impostor. That woman you may see is totally blind, therefore your futile objections cannot save the penny now lurking in your pocket."—"But," retorted my friend, "don't you know, that these people get more than you or I by the sweat of our brows? Is it not notorious, that a beggar has sold his stand for 18*s*. per diem? and is it not a received fact, that in St. Giles's they feast on the greatest luxuries; that they make imitations of wounds, and all such tricks?"—"I have heard these stories, friend Ephraim, but verily the reporters of them lied, for I have taken some pains to substantiate these things—I believe them not: some solitary instances of this sort may have occurred, but are we to condemn all as cheats? I have myself been deceived, grossly deceived. If I assist improper objects unknowingly, am I to blame? Certainly not, my motive is a good one. We read, my friend, 'Never turn away thy face from a poor man, and then the face of God shall never be turned away from thee;' and, 'if you relieve not your brother who wanteth aught'——but you are more versed in Scripture than I am."—"All this is really very fine," retorted my friend Ephraim: "now attend to me, look at that wretch; she not long ago told you her distress, 'A morsel of bread had not passed her lips this *precious* day; she was in despair and poverty, while her husband was fighting the battles of his country;' see, she is now coming out of that gin-shop, while others expend all their money on snuff."—"Fie upon thee, friend Ephraim! did you not but this morning tell me, that, from a trifling loss in one of your speculations, you could not recover your temper until three glasses of wine after dinner yesterday made you forget your troubles? Away, then, with such objections; you see an object in misery, perhaps it may be caused by her own imprudence, of these must the feelings be more severely outraged?—But I ask not for your money to support idleness. I ask but for the eleemosinary penny that you will waste on some useless thing, or throw unheeded into your drawer; give that, and leave the rest to the Power who can alone judge the motive. But you have not yet, I presume, made half your objections; you have forgotten that poor-rates are high, and that there are workhouses built. But are not these asylums often distant? or can the indigent be admitted directly? You would subscribe then, friend, to the parish, for in that case your name would be blazoned in the

church, in blue and gold, to proclaim the generosity of your donation——but farewell! I leave you, I know, unconvinced."

See that poor shivering female, whom floods of rain have nearly drenched; she waits with hungry, yet patient looks, at the door of yon pastry-cook's shop; see her follow, with anxious eyes, luxury after luxury, which pall the appetites of that group of young ladies—she has not yet broken her fast. How often has she, with hope deferred, watched each dismissed passenger, whose change of a few halfpence she thinks may be her's, but in vain! Stop, my dear, my amiable country-women, and give the price of that jelly to her whom the cravings of unsatisfied hunger are racking with cramps. Alas! no, you will not. She watches your departure again, she sees the overplus halfpence screwed in a paper: hope once more brightens her visage, she draws encouragement from the smile that plays on your countenance; but they are consigned to your bag, and you rush by her to your carriage, and, enveloped in furs, complain of the severity of the weather, while you behold her shivering, unheeded, in the blast, as if she were not your fellow mortal. Yet are your cheeks bedewed with tears for the illness of your pug-dog, or the fancied sorrows of an Ellen or a De Courcy; you can vent maudlin tears at the shrine of Fiction, but pity not the real miseries of poor human nature.

It was one bitter night last winter, when returning home through one of the squares, wrapping myself up in my great-coat, that my steps were arrested by the overbearing voice of a man abusing a beggar-woman with two infants. He did not content himself with passing her and withholding his mite, but insulted her by demanding eleven-pence for a shilling, adding, that he would give her the odd penny. The poor wretch in vain protested, that she was not worth a farthing. He swore it was a lie, and that she earned more than he did. Fruitlessly did he endeavour to enrage her by calling her by opprobrious epithets; but she bore them with provoking indifference. "Now," said the fellow, "I see you are going to abuse me; come, give us a spice of your language—come, some of your gab, ma'am!" — "No," said the poor wretch, "I scorn to do as you do, make a blackguard of myself." — "You be d—d," rejoined the disappointed son of prosperity—"go to hell!"—"I sha'n't," retorted the woman, coolly, "that's not my parish."

EUDOXIA, CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR PETER THE GREAT.

(Continued from p. 209.)

Such was the melancholy fate of the son of Eudoxia, who could find no consolation but in her tears, when her heart received some slight relief from the intelligence, that the czar was preparing for a journey to Denmark. It was not long before he actually repaired thither,

to concert with the Danish court a descent upon Schonen, respecting the expediency of which both parties perfectly agreed, but on which Peter himself was so intent, that he determined to superintend the operations in person. He entrusted the regency during his absence to his favourite Menzikof, with the injunction, to force the prince to a speedy decision, and to endeavour to determine his choice in such a manner, that it should fall on a convent in whose prior implicit confidence might be placed.

However great were the sorrows that overwhelmed Eudoxia, and however painfully passing events must have affected her maternal heart, yet at Peter's court not a word was bestowed on the unhappy princess. Shut up in her cell, she could do nothing but pray and weep; all the ties that once bound her to the world seemed now to be dissolved for ever. The czar was the more astonished, when, immediately upon his arrival at Copenhagen, he received accounts, that Eudoxia kept up a correspondence from her gloomy cell, not only with her unfortunate son Alexis and her brother Lapuschin, but also with Peter's sister, the Princess Mary. His informant maliciously added, that Mary had provided Eudoxia with secular apparel, for her to put on as soon as she threw off the veil; that the Archbishop of Rostof already permitted public prayers to be offered up in his diocese for her as the real consort of the czar; that the amorous princess had formed a criminal connection with an officer named Glebow, who resided on his estate in the neighbourhood of Rostof; and had even the audacity to assure the czar, that, unless speedy measures were taken to defeat this conspiracy, its consequences might be most disastrous to himself and his family.

Whether this story were true or wholly fictitious; whether the fate of her son roused the mother, mourning in profound seclusion, from her apparent apathy; or whether the whole was a stratagem of Catharine, who had usurped her throne, and of the favourite Menzikof, to ensure the success of their plans, it is very difficult to determine.

Peter, who was naturally of a mistrustful, suspicious disposition, was violently shocked at reading this unexpected intelligence: he was determined, however, not to relinquish the undertaking on account of which he had visited Copenhagen, and as he was at the same time apprehensive, that his son and his adherents might take advantage of his absence to make some desperate attempt, he had recourse to dissimulation; for he had no doubt of gaining the prince, if he substituted the appearance of confidence instead of threats. He therefore wrote to him in the tenderest terms, and invited him to repair without loss of time to Copenhagen, to share the laurels which he hoped to gather in the projected invasion of Schonen.

These specious demonstrations of paternal affection did not impose upon the prince; his intimate friends probably warned him against the snares concealed beneath the kind professions of a severe and inexorable father, and by their advice he determined to employ artifice against artifice. He answered

the czar in terms which seemed to flow from implicit obedience and filial duty, and promised to obey his commands without delay. He actually set out, but scarcely had he reached the frontiers of Courland, when he turned to the left, and directed his course to Vienna, against the advice of his friends, who in vain urged all possible arguments to induce him to go to France, which was formerly the usual asylum of unfortunate princes.

When the report of his flight was generally circulated in Moscow, and not till then, did Eudoxia's friends and even the family of the czar form the plan of a conspiracy; which, however, was not to be put in execution till a favourable opportunity should present itself. This caution of the conspirators clearly proves how formidable the czar was to them even in his absence.

Peter employed a thousand expedients, to prevail upon his son to return; and both Tolstoi, the privy counsellor, and Romanzow, captain of the guards, devised a thousand stratagems to inspire the heir to the Russian throne with the courage to leave the castle of St. Elmo at Naples, which the Emperor of Germany had assigned him for an asylum, but where he was actually treated as a prisoner of state. It was not till the czar had finished his tour through Germany, Holland, and France, that his emissaries succeeded in prevailing upon the prince to return to his country, by delivering to him a letter, in his father's own handwriting, in which he promised him an unconditional pardon.

An affecting answer from the credulous prince preceded his return, and made such an impression upon his father's heart, that he would assuredly have changed his sentiments, if Menzikof, who attentively watched all his motions, had not taken especial care to stifle those paternal feelings. On the very day of his arrival at Moscow, the prince received permission to throw himself at the feet of his father, and when he quitted his apartment, it was the current report, that the czar, faithful to his written promise, had given him a verbal assurance of his pardon.

How great was then the universal astonishment, when, the following morning, the 14th of February, 1717, the guards were seen surrounding the castle, and the whole garrison under arms! An aid-de-camp of the czar, accompanied by four officers, went to the prince, demanded his sword, and conducted him, escorted by a detachment of grenadiers with bayonets fixed, as a state prisoner to the palace.

Peter was waiting for him in the great hall, surrounded by his ministers, nobles, and counsellors of state. Scarcely was the prince ushered into the presence of this tribunal, when he acknowledged his guilt, and merely requested that his life might be spared.

His father, who here sat in judgment upon his son, went with him into his cabinet, to enquire into the most secret circumstances of his flight, and the persons implicated in it at Moscow. In an hour he returned with him to the council of state, and promised, on the word of a prince, to spare his life, if he would renounce all claims to

the Moscovite throne. Alexis had no other choice left: he therefore, without hesitation, subscribed the act of renunciation, which was placed ready prepared before him. To give complete inviolability to such an extraordinary proceeding, the grandees of the empire were required, without stirring from the spot, to take the oath of allegiance to Prince Peter, Catharine's son, as heir-apparent to the Russian throne; after which the whole illustrious assembly repaired to the cathedral, where the archbishops, bishops, and archimandrites, summoned for the purpose, were obliged to take the same oath with due solemnity.

Great as was the sacrifice which Alexis had made, his enemies were not yet satisfied. He was conducted back under a strong escort to the castle, and soon afterwards removed to Petersburg. There the czar formed a tribunal, composed of the most exalted and distinguished persons of the empire, who, having previously obtained the approbation of the clergy, declared the prince guilty of crimes, which, according to the law, deserved the punishment of death; but they left it to the sovereign either to confirm or to modify this sentence.

Peter ordered the sentence of death to be read to his son: his barbarous mandate was obeyed. Whether the tremendous image of the scaffold, or material means, which by their violent effects destroy the functions of the body, operated fatally, we know not; so much is certain, that the following morning the discarded heir to the throne of Russia was seized with violent convulsions, which soon put a period to his life and his troubles. His death was officially announced as the effect of terror and chagrin.

Now commenced the notorious criminal process which terminated in the tragical death of a prodigious number of persons, who were really suspected, or whom it was deemed politic to suspect, but whose pretended crimes were never once mentioned, still less proved.

Many whom the prince was said to have accused in his private interview with the czar as accomplices in a conspiracy which he never thought of, in order to save his own life, were put to the torture; and it is asserted, that by this cruel method it was discovered, that the Archbishop of Rostof had debauched the unfortunate Eudoxia.

This tale is absolutely incredible, but yet the base ecclesiastic confessed, that, with a view to obtain gifts from the silly but opulent Abraham Lapuschin, the brother of Eudoxia, he had made her believe, that he had daily visions, in which the Almighty disclosed to him such things as were highly consolatory to the repudiated princess. According to these revelations, Peter was soon to be reconciled to Eudoxia, who was to quit her dreary cell for the throne, to present the emperor with two sons, and to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing Catharine, who usurped her place, dismissed with scorn and disgrace.

The czar commanded the clergy to depose this prelate from his dignity; and when the college represented, that it had not the power to decide in matters of this kind, Peter replied, with a threat, that

if they had the authority to appoint bishops, they could not but possess the right to displace them. His menaces rendered the bishops more compliant; they declared that the archbishop had forfeited his dignity, and the external attributes of the ecclesiastical function. He was stripped of the insignia which he had disgraced by a base imposition, and was broken alive upon the wheel with the Chevalier Kilkin, the intimate friend of the prince, and his companion in his flight.

Who can read without emotions of the deepest horror, that the tender frame of Eudoxia—that Eudoxia whom the czar, subdued by her charms, had selected from among thousands—the affectionate mother of his children—the princess who had shared his throne, from which she was most mercilessly hurled, was now, by command of the same prince, who had once adored her, fixed upon the blood-stained rack! At the sight of the terrific apparatus, her senses forsook her. The executioners had the humanity to recal her to life, on which, to avoid the torments preparing for her, she confessed every crime that her accusers chose to lay to her charge, not excepting the pretended criminal intercourse with Glebow: and so completely had the fear of the torture taken hold of her imagination, that even when confronted with her alledged paramour, she adhered to her previous confession; though Glebow asked her, with deep emotion, how she could debase herself by such an untruth. He endured the repeated infliction of the horrid pains of the knout, and stedfastly persisted in his denial. He declared, that Eudoxia was perfectly innocent, and had only been urged by the preparations for the torture, to accuse herself of the most absurd crimes, which she never had and never could have thought of, closely watched as she was in the convent. In vain was the heroic Glebow subjected, for six successive weeks, to unheard-of torments; he never wavered, and, as the reward of his fortitude, was at last impaled. It is related, that in this dreadful situation, struggling between life and death, the czar, who spared Eudoxia against his will, approached the sufferer, and conjured him to confess the truth; on which his mutilated victim, spitting in his face, stammered forth these his last words:—" Go, tyrant, and let me die in peace."

Eudoxia's brother, Abraham Lapuschin, was at first doomed to be broken alive upon the wheel; but his sentence was afterwards commuted into death by the axe. When he had already laid his head upon the block, stained with the blood of the many unfortuate persons who had previously suffered, the czar again altered his sentence, and awarded him a far more cruel punishment. He ordered him to have his tongue cut out, to receive twenty lashes of the knout, of such severity that these alone might have occasioned death, and then to be banished for ever to Siberia. This Peter termed, in his coarse language, granting him his life.

Not content with so many executions, he directed all the archbishops, bishops, and the rest of the superior clergy, to be assembled, ordered them to examine Eudoxia's process with the most

minute attention, and to pronounce their sentence conformably with the utmost rigour of the civil law and of the canonical code.

Before these judges commenced their investigation, they solemnly declared, that, as peaceful ministers of the Gospel, they did not thirst for the blood of the accused; but could have no other object in view, than her sincere repentance, and that Providence had not put into their hands the sword of destruction, but the sacred words of Revelation. This spirit of moderation, which at the moment animated the whole of this dignified assembly so much the more powerfully, because shame and remorse yet filled the hearts of the venerable fathers on account of the sentence of death pronounced by them upon the son of Eudoxia, saved the life of the wretched mother. She was adjudged to undergo ecclesiastical discipline only, to be inflicted by two of the nuns. The sentence was executed in the presence of the whole chapter, and the maltreated Eudoxia was shut up in another convent near the lake of Ladoga.

The Princess Mary, own sister to the czar, received, in the presence of the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the court, who were compelled by Peter to attend the execution, a hundred stripes with rods on the back and shoulders, and was then immured in the fortress of Schlüsselburg. The confessors, the domestics, and all those persons in whom the princess was supposed to place any confidence, were scourged by the hand of the executioner, and after having their noses slit and their tongues cut out, exiled to the deserts of Siberia.

Many of the sufferers were perfectly innocent, and had not the slightest knowledge of the conspiracy. The plot itself was indeed scarcely framed, but it might have shaken Peter's throne had it been suffered to attain maturity. It is remarkable, that almost immediately after these proscriptions and this profuse bloodshed, the Russian nation, with universal acclamations, conferred on the czar the title of Emperor.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE MARCHIONESS DE BRINVILLIERS.

Mary Margaret de Brinvilliers, the daughter of Dreux d'Aubrai, a civil judge, was married, in 1651, to the Marquis de Brinvilliers, son of the President of the Chamber of Accounts. She resided with her husband in her father's house at Paris, and the young couple possessed an income of 40,000 livres. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was small, but a fine figure and extremely fascinating, and led a very modest and retired life.

Her husband, colonel of the Normandy regiment of cavalry, one day brought home with him a young officer of the regiment of Tracy, named Gaudin de Sainte Croix, of Montauban: he was an illegitimate branch of a very respectable family, by which he was not acknowledged, and remarkably

handsome. The marquis, who had fallen into his company whilst with the army, formed an intimacy with him, and was desirous that he should come and live with him at Paris. His young, susceptible, and amiable wife made remonstrances, either feigned or sincere, on the impropriety of so familiar a connection; but M. de Brinvilliers paid no regard to them, whether it was that he was completely duped by her artifice, supposing that she had really resorted to one, or that he considered the virtue of his wife, who felt some distrust of herself, above suspicion. The consequence was, or might have been foreseen, a mutual passion of the marchioness and Sainte Croix.

The father, indignant at the criminal intrigue of his daughter, obtained in 1663 a *lettre de cachet* for the lover, who was apprehended while in company with the marchioness in her carriage. He was conveyed to the Bastille. The Marquis de Brinvilliers had meanwhile squandered a great part of his property; and, by the advice of Sainte Croix, his wife had demanded and obtained a separate allowance.

At the expiration of a year, the prisoner was released from the Bastille. Better would it have been for him had he either never entered or never quitted that place. During his residence there, he lived in the same room with an Italian named Exili, who made a trade of preparing and selling poisons, and was one of those monsters who occasioned the death of more than a hundred persons at Rome during the pontificate of Innocent X. Exili imparted his secrets to Sainte Croix, who communicated them to his mistress; and she, actuated by avarice and revenge, was but too well disposed to avail herself of them.

She formed a resolution of poisoning her father and her whole family. Stifling all the feelings of humanity and nature, she made experiments with the poisons prepared by Sainte Croix. She impregnated bread with them, distributed it with her own hands in the Hotel Dieu, and carefully collected accounts of its results. Between 1666 and 1670, two of her brothers and a sister died of poison. The same fate was designed for her husband; but as she wished to get rid of him merely that she might marry Sainte Croix, and the latter had no inclination for the match, he is asserted to have counteracted the effects of the drugs administered to him; so that he, as Madame de Sevigné expresses it, tossed alternately to and fro between life and death by poisons and antidotes, was fortunate enough to escape with his life.

It must be numbered among the enigmas of the history of the human heart, that the marchioness committed crimes to which she could not have been instigated by any personal interest. If therefore, on occasion of such enormities, it were possible to conceive some benevolent intention, we should be tempted to recognize a trace of such a feeling in the following fact. —She once became acquainted in a convent with a novice who seemed absorbed in the deepest grief: she learned, that the parents of this young female were about to compel her to take the veil without delay, that their whole fortune might

devolve to her brother. Madame de Brinvilliers endeavoured to comfort her, and at parting promised to intercede with her family in her behalf. She had at her command infallible means for attaining her object. It was not long before the novice was informed of the sudden death of her father, mother, and brother; and, in consequence, she left the nunnery without the slightest suspicion of the real chain of circumstances to which she owed her liberty.

The garb of piety served to disguise the crimes of Madame de Brinvilliers; and what is remarkable, she not only deceived others by it, but also herself. She went to confession, and one of the most important documents against her was a general confession written by herself: for Providence could not permit such numerous and detestable crimes to go unpunished. Sainte Croix died suddenly in June, 1672. It is reported, that while he was preparing a very potent poison, the glass mask which he was accustomed to use, fell to the ground, and he was suffocated by the pestiferous effluvia. As he had no relations, the police placed seals upon his effects. The marchioness had the indiscretion to apply for a small box which formed part of them, and which, as she said, belonged to her. This excited suspicion; the box was opened, and in it was found a paper, dated May 25 1672, with these words:—"This box, unopened and untouched, to be delivered to Madame de Brinvilliers, Rue Neuve St. Paul, as all that is in it relates and belongs to her." This fatal box contained packets of poisons of all kinds, the letters of the Marchioness to Sainte Croix, and a bond for 30,000 livres, which she gave him on the 20th of June, 1670, eight days after she had dispatched her father. Finding that she could not obtain possession of the box either by stratagem or bribery, she fled first to England and thence to Liege. A man, named la Chaussée, who was in the service of the father of Madame de Brinvilliers when he died, now preferred a demand against Sainte Croix, to whom also he had been a servant seven years; asserting that he had placed 200 pistoles and other effects in his hands. The widow of M. d'Aubrai, now married to M. de Villarçeau, conceived suspicions of la Chaussée, who was apprehended and examined. The culprit confessed, that he had received from Sainte Croix the poison which put an end to the life of the brother of Madame de Brinvilliers, and he was broken alive upon the wheel on the 24th March, 1673.

The guilt of the marchioness seemed but too probable, and Desgrais, a police officer, was directed to go in quest of her. He went to Liege, assumed the character of an abbé, and made love to her: in this manner he at length found means to entice her out of the city, where he took her into custody without any obstacle on the part of the magistrates of the place, and seized her papers, among which was a written narrative of her life, that filled four or five sheets. She afterwards urgently solicited that this manuscript might be returned, under the pretext that it was her confession. On her arrival at Paris, she at first denied all, and pretend-

ed to know nothing about the box left by Sainte Croix. Sometimes she desired to play at piquet, and sometimes attempted to put an end to her life. "She entered the room," says Madame de Sevigné, "in which she was to receive the torture, and observing three vessels full of water, 'They are going to drown me, I suppose,' said she, 'for as to drinking all this water, that is impossible.' She died as she had lived, that is, with great resolution," continues Madame de Sevigné; "she heard her sentence without betraying fear or weakness."

The Marchioness de Brinvilliers, however, was not yet absolutely convicted of her crimes; but after sentence was pronounced, she confessed every thing, and much more than was necessary to justify her doom. Her early moral depravity now became apparent; for she acknowledged, that, before the completion of her seventeenth year, she had lost her chastity and set fire to a house. Her confessions indeed surpass every thing of the kind that can be conceived, if the Letters of Madame de Sevigné on this subject deserve implicit credit; but it should be remarked, that they contain only the contradictory reports current at Paris, where the story of the poisonings had created universal alarm.

She had a conversation of an hour with the attorney-general, and appears to have been sincerely penitent in her last days. Edmund Pirot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, whom the President, M. de Lamoignon, allowed to attend her, assures us, that during the last twenty-four hours of her life, she was so penetrated with contrition, and so enlightened by the light of grace, that he would gladly have been in her situation! She wished to receive the holy communion, but could not obtain this indulgence, which the discipline of the church denied to criminals under sentence of death. She then begged to have at least some consecrated bread, which had been granted to her relation, Marshal Marillac. But the alledged crime of that innocent victim of Cardinal Richelieu had not the slightest analogy with her's.

On the way to the scaffold she perceived and recognized several ladies of distinction, who seemed to observe her with much curiosity. She said to them, with great composure, "You enjoy a very agreeable sight here." Lebrun, the painter, likewise attended to see her; but his curiosity was of a better kind. He drew her portrait, and his valuable performance exhibits a mixture of pleasing and repulsive traits, absolutely unique in its kind. Madame de Brinvilliers expressed a wish, that the executioner would sit before her, that she might not see the police officer who had apprehended her, and who rode on horseback by the side of the vehicle: but on the remark of her confessor, that she must consider this sight as a kind of penance, she replied, "O my God, forgive me!—then let me still have the obnoxious spectacle."—"She mounted the scaffold," says Madame de Sevigné, "without attendant, and barefoot, and was at least a quarter of an hour under the hands of the executioner, who cut off her hair, and put her to rights: this was

cruel, and excited much discontent. Her remains were next day carefully sought after, for the people already looked upon her as a saint." It was on the 16th June, 1676, that she was beheaded and burned. Her skull is preserved in the museum at Versailles; the extraordinary regularity and delicacy of the bones seem indeed still to attest the beauty of that person to which it belonged.

Nivelle, advocate to the parliament, published a memorial in favour of Madame de Brinvilliers. Another legal work in her behalf was also printed, together with the history of her trial and condemnation (Paris, 1676, 12mo.). Edmund Pirot wrote, "The last Twenty-four Hours of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, or Account of her Death." This manuscript of 150 closely written folio pages, was in the library of the Jesuits' College at Paris: it is mentioned in the *Bibliotheque de Bourgogne.*

Notwithstanding the execution of Brinvilliers, the poisonings continued. It was considered as certain, that she was secretly and intimately connected with various persons who were afterwards accused of preparing poisons. These reports, and the universally prevailing opinion, occasioned the appointment, in 1679, of a special tribunal, denominated *Chambre ardente*, which sat in the arsenal, and examined various persons of distinction, and, among the rest, the Countess of Soissons (mother of Prince Eugene), who was banished the country.

Exili, the Italian above-mentioned, and a countryman of his, had set out with an attempt to discover the philosopher's stone, and finished with selling poisons, which, in a country where every thing, however grave its nature, is turned into ridicule, were known by the name of *Poudre de Succession*, powders of succession or inheritance; because, through their means, the impatient heir was put, without further delay, into the possession of the expected property. In regard to the number of the accused, and the nature of the crime, this period bore a great resemblance to that of the year 423 of the Roman era, notorious for accusations of poisoning preferred against a multitude of Roman matrons.

The special tribunal, however, was not distinguished by any extraordinary severity, and contented itself, at the close of its tedious investigations in 1680, with passing sentence of death on a woman named Voisin, who pretended to tell fortunes. It was only by degrees that the public mind became tranquillized, and many natural deaths were deemed the result of violence. The police took the adepts and those who were engaged in chemical pursuits under its superintendence.

ROSALIA DE PONT LEON.—A SPANISH TALE.

At the age of seventeen, Rosalia gave her hand to her cousin, Don Fadrique, Marquis de Pont Leon. She obeyed, without love or affection, the last wish of her parents, who, in arranging this match, designed thus to unite in one single house all the possessions of their

noble family. Don Fadrique, however, might have easily gained the love of his wife. It would have been sufficient had he shewn any consideration and tenderness for her; and this would have been no difficult task, for she possessed a beautiful person and an accomplished mind. He paid no attention even to her youth, her gentle disposition, or to that pious regard for her duties imprinted upon her soul, as yet a stranger to every other impression. He considered only the large fortune which this union prevented Rosalia from carrying into another fomily. Addicted besides, from inclination and habit, to gaming and debauchery, his home seemed dull, and his wife was indifferent to him; indeed, she soon had to think herself fortunate, if, in his paroxysms of intoxication or fury, she did not experience personal ill usage.

What consolation had this unfortunate lady? Without relations, without friends, and, in spite of the profound seclusion in which she buried herself, exposed to the suspicions of an unjust husband, Rosalia wept, and her very tears were deemed a crime. Don Fadrique accused her of grieving for the absence of a lover, when she had none; or because she was deprived of opportunities of gaining admiration, which would not have flattered her vanity. A thousand times did young and amiable men, eluding the vigilance of her keepers, endeavour to attract her notice. She coldly repulsed their attentions, without effort, or even conceiving that there was any merit in so doing.

But the moment that was to make her acquainted with the warmth of her heart, with the powerful passions of which it was susceptible—this fatal moment now approached. Don Gabriel, the brother of the Marquis de Pont Leon, was expected at Madrid. After an absence of five years, devoted to the duties imposed on the knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, he returned, crowned with glory, notwithstanding his youth, by the valour which he had displayed under the grand master, Lavalette, in the defence of the island of Malta against the Ottomans.

He arrived: Rosalia beheld him for the first time. She was at a loss to conceive how two brothers could bear so little resemblance to one another. Both were tall in stature; but in Don Fadrique this advantage was accompanied by a gait as ignoble as that of Don Gabriel was majestic. There was the same analogy and the same disparity in their voices; in short, though they had completely what is called a family likeness, the physiognomy of the chevalier was not less pleasing than that of the marquis was disagreeable. This unfavourable comparison, in every particular, could not escape the notice of Rosalia.

She saw her brother-in-law every day. He was the only man whom Don Fadrique esteemed and respected, and of whom he felt no distrust. His confidence was just. Don Gabriel strove to comfort Rosalia, but it was by encouraging her patience, by suggesting the conduct most likely to please her husband; at the same time excusing his excesses as eccentricity, and his suspicious jealousy as a proof

of love. Mingling the language of religion with that of reason, when Rosalia complained too bitterly of her mortifications, he exhorted her to offer them up to the Almighty as an atoning sacrifice; and this exhortation, which from any other lips would have seemed so austere, fell from his with a charm which the most pathetic consolations would scarcely have possessed.

The marchioness had religious principles, but they were such as the generality of her compatriots at that period entertained. Wherever the passions have great vehemence, and are not corrected by a suitable education, religion is little more than a compact between those very passions and the Deity, whom men think to oblige, by frivolous ceremonies, to comply with all their desires. Are they unhappy? Instead of seeking in their religion motives for patience and resignation, they are transported with rage; blasphemy broods in their hearts and trembles on their lips. Giving way to this but too common disposition, Rosalia bitterly deplored her lot, and was ready every moment to rebel against a Providence which seemed to have predestined her either to misery or guilt. Don Gabriel endeavoured to counteract this improper spirit: Rosalia listened to him submissively and with eager attention; but it was to him alone that she listened, it was him alone that she saw, it was he alone that engaged her whole heart and all her thoughts.

What could be more natural than such a predilection? Don Gabriel's mind was still more amiable than his person. His piety was genuine and unaffected; it proscribed neither complaisance nor affability, and still less those innocent conversations, those still more innocent affections, those charming flowers, strewed, as he said, over this land of exile by the Father of Mercies, to sooth tender souls for the pains attached to sensibility.

Such is the ascendancy of virtue, that Don Gabriel's seemed to be communicated to Don Fadrique. So much is certain at least, that the vices of the latter durst not shew themselves so openly; his temper was less harsh; his unjust jealousy not so ready to break out. Rosalia, while enjoying this unexpected change, well knew to what influence it was to be ascribed; and her gratitude, warm, natural, and innocent, served to conceal from her another sentiment, less innocent indeed, but more ardent and not less natural.

What affected her more than all the rest was, that she perceived, that the tender attachment with which she inspired Don Gabriel was the first he had ever felt. Defended by religion against the seductions of love, he was too discreet, too reserved, to throw away his friendship hastily upon persons of his own sex. As to the affection which he bore to Don Fadrique, the difference of their ages, and still more the difference of their characters, rendered it wholly unlike that tender, and at the same time ardent friendship, mixed with compassion and strengthened by esteem, which none but Rosalia had ever kindled in his bosom. Rosalia could not be mistaken on this point, and how precious is this first love

to the sentimental heart! What female, worthy of being loved, can suppress the flattering sensations which it excites!

The marchioness indulged them at first without knowing it, and afterwards she endeavoured to deceive herself. This voluntary error could not last long. Too sure of her defeat, she became uneasy; she was hurried to and fro by her restless imagination, her ardent sensibility. Sometimes she felt chagrined at Don Gabriel's apparent tranquillity; she was angry at his want of penetration: how could he help guessing a secret which she so ardently wished him to know, and yet durst not tell him? More frequently she exerted her ingenuity in pacifying her apprehensions on the score of her own weakness. "Don Gabriel," thought she, "is too virtuous to cherish an improper sentiment for the wife of his brother: I have therefore nothing to fear." Dwelling with complacency on this idea, she balanced against the tender friendship shewn to her by her brother-in-law, the coldness with which he had neglected opportunities, and repelled the advances that were the consequences of his merit. This was sufficient to assure her, that this young man, endued with angelic piety, would strictly fulfil the duties of honour, the engagements of his order, and the precepts of his religion, but that he was not insensible; and this assurance seemed sufficient for her.

The marchioness was not wrong. The interviews of Don Gabriel and Rosalia daily grew longer and more affectionate. Their looks, their sighs, their tears were responsive. What more could two hearts equally pure desire?

Don Fadrique afforded but too great facility for these dangerous interviews. The presence of his brother laid him under restraint; he durst not indulge before him those vicious propensities to which he was addicted. To avoid this troublesome witness, the very sight of whom seemed to be a reproach, he staid away from his house the greater part of the day, and recommended to the marchioness to keep his brother at home. He thus rendered still more slippery the precipice down which love was endeavouring to drag his victims.

One evening, when Don Gabriel had, by Rosalia's desire, repeated the particulars of the siege of Malta, which she had heard a thousand times before, the knight was led by his narrative to relate an adventure which he might be said to have witnessed. A young Italian female having embarked in a vessel that was taken by the Turks, was almost miraculously rescued from their hands by a French gentleman. Left completely destitute, having seen her father, her husband, and all those who were dear to her, perish around her, seized with a dangerous illness arising from excessive grief, her deliverer bestowed on her the most soothing attentions: he supplied her wants, and provided for her in a manner so much the more noble, as he was not himself wealthy. Filled with the warmest gratitude which so quickly leads to love, and often serves to disguise the expression of that sentiment, with what anguish did she not perceive, that the man

who was the object of her passion had served her only out of generosity and pity! Hopeless of overcoming his coldness, or the still stronger affection which enslaved her whole soul, she took poison. She was after all mistaken. The Frenchman had conceived the most vehement passion for her, but he kept it within his own bosom, fearful lest he should seem to presume upon his bounty, and demand a sacrifice out of gratitude. He did not survive her.

This melancholy story wrung tears from Rosalia. She entered into the feelings of the unfortunate Italian; she put herself in her place: it was natural, it was unavoidable, that from gratitude she should pass to tenderness, to an uncontroulable, exclusive love for the man who was all the world to her. Don Gabriel blamed, and at the same time pitied her, for having mistaken the sentiments of her friend; for ought she not to have been aware of the power of beauty, virtue, and misfortune united? Thus they both, without intending it, pourtrayed in their observations the state of their own minds. All at once they were silent; they could find nothing more to say; they scarcely looked at one another—a silence infinitely more expressive than the strongest oaths! Their souls were absorbed, were united in the same ecstacy! . . . . Some person entered, and they were obliged to part.

Next day, Don Gabriel informed the marquis and his wife, that he was going to set out immediately for Malta, as that island was again menaced by the Turks. His resolution had cost him very painful efforts, which he strove in vain to conceal. Pale, trembling, and dejected, he was on the point of falling senseless at the feet of Rosalia, while bidding her adieu. Don Fadrique, who felt a real affection for his brother, did not quit him; and Don Gabriel seemed to dread, rather than wish, for the moment when he should be left alone with Rosalia. That moment at length arrived; it was but short. She intreated Don Gabriel to give up his intended voyage; he made no reply. She conjured him, at least, to acquaint her with the real motive of it—still he was silent. She fell distracted at his feet; he raised and pressed her with transport to his bosom, for he durst not yet venture to imprint a kiss upon her lips. "An involuntary passion," said he, "may not, perhaps, involve us in guilt. But to prevent this, let me flee the adored woman whom I shall never cease to love with undivided affection, but without hope." He then abruptly departed, leaving Rosalia alone, trembling, bathed in tears, not knowing whether she was alive or awake; whether emotions so various, so profound, were a dream, a delirium, or a reality.

The adored woman whom I shall never cease to love with undivided affection, but without hope. Delicious but terrible words, which decided the fate of Rosalia! Unfortunate woman! how often did she repeat them! especially the concluding ones, *without hope!* They remained fixed like an oppressive weight upon her agonized heart.

The Marquis de Pont Leon had placed in attendance upon his wife

a Catalonian duenna, who had deceived him by the appearance of extraordinary piety. This woman had long sought to win the good graces of her mistress. To accomplish her purpose with the greater certainty, she pretended not to perceive the love of Rosalia for Don Gabriel. After the departure of the latter, the insinuations of the duenna, the necessity of unbosoming her griefs, the consciousness that she had nothing criminal to conceal, the impossibility of communicating with any other person, induced the marchioness to yield by degrees to the advances of this woman, who seemed both virtuous and compassionate. Her confidante was soon in possession of all her secrets. She frequently repeated the parting words of Don Gabriel; and the duenna, affected, or pretending to be so, wept with her mistress, exhorted her to patience, praised her virtue, but did not condemn her love.

She one day repeated, before Rosalia, the words, *without hope!* She stopt short, as if struck by some sudden idea. Curiosity—perhaps a still stronger motive, led Rosalia to question her on the subject. She hesitated with feigned embarrassment, protested the sincerity, the purity of her wishes for the happiness of her virtuous mistress, and at length, for the first time, ventured to throw out a hint, that if Rosalia should ever become a widow, her family would compel her to marry Don Gabriel, lest she should enrich another house with the large possessions which, by virtue of the marriage contract, would devolve to her upon the death of Don Fadrique. The marchioness angrily spurned such an insinuation, and commanded the duenna to be silent. This woman, however, proved that there was nothing reprehensible or improbable in her supposition. "Are you not married," said she, "to a man much older than yourself—a man whose violent temper often involves him in dangerous quarrels?—a man who has, besides, been long worn out with every kind of debauchery, and subject to fits of the gout, which have twice already threatened his life? In the order of nature, madam, you are likely to survive him, and I may still see you happy!" Rosalia strictly forbade the duenna ever to repeat such language; but it was not so easy for her to forget it. From that time she never thought of the words of Don Gabriel without uneasiness: she blushed because she could not say, *without hope!* except with an invincible feeling of a guilty hope.

Guilty! could that hope be already guilty? And is not extreme misery at least a sufficient excuse for a vague indulgence of the idea of a less unhappy futurity? The presence of Don Gabriel had softened his brother, on whose departure he gave a loose to all his ferocity. One unprovoked barbarity, one heinous accusation was incessantly following at the heels of another. Rosalia's captivity grew so severe, that she was at last permitted to see no person but her confessor; and this ecclesiastic himself soon became an object of Don Fadrique's insensate jealousy. Father Louis enjoyed high reputation. He had proved that he possessed talents for acquiring merited celebrity in the career of letters; but,

despising earthly glory, he had renounced poetry to devote himself entirely to the sacred ministry. His eloquence, and, above all, the rigid morality which he inculcated both at confession and in the pulpit, had gained him numberless admirers. All these claims to veneration, or at least to respect, had no weight with the Marquis de Pont Leon. In vain did the duenna, a zealous partizan of Father Louis, endeavour to defend him. Don Fadrique loaded her with abuse, and even went so far as to raise his hand to strike her. She said nothing; but her silence was the oath of implacable revenge.

Don Fadrique did not stop at these indiscretions. He publicly spoke in language so opprobrious of Father Louis, that it was said to have deprived him of a bishopric which he seemed sure of obtaining. Rosalia, informed of these proceedings, would have preferred death to such disgrace. Vehement in her indignation, the cruel duenna alternately fanned in her bosom the flame of love and that of resentment. The marchioness reproached herself for listening to her, and still she continued to hear what she had to say. Is it, in fact, so easy for a soul deeply wounded to remain deaf to complaints that correspond with its own? The duenna at length ventured to throw out hints of the possibility and the lawfulness of a revenge that would for ever remain secret, in which, besides, her mistress needed not have any hand, which would relieve her from a monster obstinately bent on her ruin, and consign her to the arms of an impassioned lover. Horror-struck at this atrocious proposal, Rosalia ran to acquaint her husband with it: she was stopped by the duenna, who, certain of the unbounded ascendancy which she had gained, boldly threatened to divulge her secret, her passion, her treacherous hopes, if she dared to prefer any accusation. The unfortunate marchioness was confounded. Had she indeed ventured upon such a step, it would have been in vain: her husband would not have listened to her; and that imprudent man, having restored his full confidence to the duenna, after he had offended her, would have looked upon any charge of that kind as the mere result of a wish to get rid of a troublesome spy. And to what other person could the marchioness have communicated this fatal secret? She saw nobody but her husband and the duenna; not a relative, not a friend, not a creature, however innocent and exempt from suspicion.

It was not without all the precautions of the most profound secrecy, that even her confessor came to see her. She thought she might trust him: but, hurried away by the demon of revenge, the monk, far from condemning a plan of which he was the secret instigator, employed all the resources of his artful eloquence in its palliation. Soon finding that it would be too difficult a task to overcome the marchioness by persuasion, he strove to work upon her fears: he threatened her, in case of indiscretion, to overwhelm her by means of his influence. This was no empty menace: though disappointed of the honours of the mitre, Father Louis had obtained the post of Consulter to the Holy Office; and his inde-

fatigable activity, his inflexible severity, his dexterity in entangling the accused in snares from which there was no escaping, caused him already to be considered as one of the main pillars of the Inquisition.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLIV.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; the silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrant after showers,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering star-light, without THEE is sweet.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

I HAVE read in some author something like the following observation; to which I have ever given my most unreserved and decided assent:—That there is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women, who have good sense without affectation, and can converse with men without any secret design of imposing chains and fetters; in short, of women who can discard what is understood by the term coquetry from their colloquial communications with persons of knowledge and understanding of the other sex.

I have always thought, that such society was the best school for those graces, accomplishments, and virtues, which form the character of a perfect gentleman; the first, the most honourable and happiest of social life.

If authorities were necessary in support of this opinion, there is one whose name is sufficient to subdue opposition by the sole mention of it, and that is the Earl of Shaftesbury; who, on being asked, what means he had employed to acquire that grace of manners, that attractive decorum and chastened pleasantry of conversation, which decorated the wisdom of it, gave this memorable answer: — that, if he really possessed those qualifications, or any portion of them, he must attribute it to his early acquaintance with accomplished, sensible, and virtuous women.

It would be ungracious, and perhaps unwelcome to some of my readers, were I to draw a comparison between the manners of that period and those of the times in which we live. Indeed experience, which unhappily increases with each day that passes over me, gives cause to lament the deterioration of social behaviour, which even I,

who was born only in the declining part of the last century, am hourly forced to observe.

It is very possible to trace the cause of this disgraceful change in the conduct which regulates civilized life, and I may be, some time or other, induced to enter on such an history, not in a paper of the *Spectator*, but in a volume, that those who come after us may know how to return to the practice of their more remote ancestors, if they should have virtue enough to be disgusted with the manners of those from whom they are immediately and visibly descended. One cause, however, I shall just mention, as it falls in with the principal topic of this lucubration; the manifest inattention to the sex which is seen to prevail in the higher orders of society, and which is the consequence of the vulgar contempt for what I shall call the elegant decencies of life among the rising generation of those ranks which, in a great measure, give the *ton* to general manners, and operate, more or less, on those in the inferior stations.

But here I shall make a pause, and proceed to insert a letter from a correspondent, who tells a story, in a very plain manner, as he appears to be a plain man, which confirms the prevalence of that inattention to the fair sex in every situation, a subject on which I have unfolded a general idea of my sentiments.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

I have lived long in the world, and been concerned, as a man, in a respectable and commanding line of business, in the bustle of it. But having had a better education than is generally the lot of tradesmen, and being also of a thoughtful and observing disposition, I have given more attention to external objects, I mean such as had no immediate connection with my business, than is usual with persons in my class of life. I have also looked into books, and instead of passing my leisure hours in clubs and coffee-houses, I have been in the better habit, as I think it, of employing them in that kind of reading which suited my capacity and situation.

My father died when I was young, and left me to the care of my mother, who made it the study of her life, by every act of tender affection and the most unremitting vigilance, to render myself and my sister happy. I say happy, because she taught us to fulfil the duties of those stations to which we were destined, with advantage to ourselves and utility to others. Our filial love never knew a moment's interruption, from the time we first became sensible of her maternal care and fondness, till we attended the best of parents and of women to the tomb.

My sister, who was four years older than myself, followed her mother's example in every good thought and deed; and when I entered upon that situation for which I had been prepared in my youth, I was indebted to her for that warm, watchful, and anxious friendship, for many comforts, as well as the ground-work of that fortune to which she may be said in various ways to have contributed. She enjoyed what may be called prosperity in the class of life in

which she moved, with temperance; and when she was called, if not to what is generally considered as adversity, it was certainly to a bitter portion of suffering, she met it with fortitude and submitted with resignation. I honoured and reverenced my mother, I loved and admired my sister; fortunate then must my condition be considered, when I add, that I married a woman who was a compound of them both.

My wife deserves this short, but comprehensive eulogium, which justice, affection, and gratitude dictate. During a period of twenty-five years, for so long it is since we were married, not a word or action of her's ever caused me an uneasy moment; and now, even now, at the end of this long period, we may claim the flitch.

You will not, therefore, Mr. Spectator, be surprised, that one who is indebted for so large a portion of his happiness to women, should be a sincere and anxious friend to the sex, in all situations and conditions; and that, from gratitude alone, if reason and policy did not support me, I should view any injury done them with more than common feelings of resentment; and I cannot but express the mortification which I continually suffer, when I see them daily sacrificed, as it were, to the fashion of the present day.

The intrusion of men fit to handle a halbert, or to shoulder a musket, into haberdashers' or milliners' shops, is a disgrace to the age in which we live, and an additional injustice to that class of females who are born to work for their bread. A man-milliner is an animal of the most disgusting species, and to see a huge, masculine, porter-like fellow weighing out thread, dividing a skein of silk, measuring tape, or counting pins and needles, is as good, or rather as bad, as an emetic to me.

I am surfeited with the reflection, and therefore come to the point which has occasioned the trouble you now receive from me.

Driven as females have been, from several of their appropriate occupations, by the present mode of permitting men to supply their places, they have been compelled to invade, but certainly with no impropriety, the former exclusive province of the men in teaching music; and which I think a very great advantage in that branch of education, for various reasons, on which I have not space to enlarge, but which will suggest themselves to all persons who have the care of children, and have had leisure and opportunity to reflect on the manners of the present times. But though this circumstance has given and does give many females an opportunity of maintaining themselves, they do it with difficulty and discouragement, as I could prove, if I were not afraid that I shall sufficiently intrude upon you by the circumstance which I am about to relate.

In the parish where I live, the death of the organist of the church occasioned, of course, a vacancy in that parochial office. The candidates were, a musician, who was one of the orchestra at the Opera-House; and a young female of excellent character, who, by an industrious, it might be said a laborious exercise of her talents as a

teacher of music, maintained a decrepid mother and educated a younger sister. The most satisfactory proof was given of her abilities; and, as you may suppose, I entered with ardent zeal into her service. With the influence I possessed in my neighbourhood, and the recommendatory circumstances attached to the female candidate, I had no doubt but I should have been able to secure her election, and have thereby added fifty pounds, which is the salary attached to the office, to her income. But in this, to my great mortification, I failed. In the first place, our rector, who is one of that class of clergymen who preach damnation without mercy, exercised the most uncharitable spirit against her, in support of her opponent, on the principle, that the teaching of music by a woman was the high-road to prostitution, from the professional familiarity it occasioned with the other sex. I had to answer, that she never taught any but her own sex, and therefore that harsh imputation was done away. He then said, that a young woman who was teaching the fashionable music of the day, consisting of nothing but love-songs and idle, if not immoral, ditties, must be considered as an engine in corrupting the minds of female youth, and therefore must be already corrupted herself. On my expressing my astonishment at such an argument, when he himself supported a performer at one of the theatres, which I had heard him declare from the pulpit, were the schools of the Devil, he coolly expressed his hopes, that, under his preaching, which he must constantly attend in the performance of his duty, a reformation might be worked in his mode of life and prophane conversation. The rector's influence was superior to mine, and the fanatical part of his congregation, being the majority, carried the matter against me. Besides, as my *protégée* was a very pretty young woman, I am sorry to say, that the misses of the parish had, from what motives I shall not pretend even to hint, taken rather an illiberal part against her.

On the day of election she appeared at the church door, very nicely and very properly, but at the same time very becomingly dressed, to present her cards, as is usual on such an occasion; and on my entering the vestry to give my vote, I found the rector haranguing with the most unchristianlike vehemence and illiberal language against her appearance; and observing, that, if she were elected, there was every reason to suppose, that she would not only play upon the organ, but play off her airs upon the young men, and endeavour to draw off their attention from their sacred duties to her fantastic appearance. It was, however, observed by one of her friends very gravely and very truly, that the loft where the performer sat, was surrounded with curtains which were never withdrawn, so that the congregation did not know, on the testimony of their eyesight, whether it was to a male or female finger that they were indebted for the music. I then took the liberty to observe to the parson, that I had ever thought his piety of that purity, his religion of that irrefragable character, and the flesh and the devil so subdued in him, that

he could withstand any and every temptation; but that I now found he suspected his own weakness, and that he was afraid of a pretty organist behind a curtain.

Thus I got a pretty loud laugh against the doctor, but he carried the election against the lady; who, however, had obtained such friends from his enmities, as will I trust make her ample amends for his unmanly conduct and her immediate disappointment.

I am, sir, with great respect, your obliged, humble servant,

A FRIEND TO WOMEN.

TRANSLATION OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM LOUIS XVIII. ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND, TO A FRIEND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

SIR,

As at present every thing relative to his Most Christian Majesty, during his residence in this country, must be peculiarly interesting to a people of whose hospitality and kindness he speaks so feelingly; the first letter written by him after his arrival among them, cannot be unacceptable to the readers of your Miscellany. I have therefore inclosed you a copy for the purpose of insertion. J. HILL.

WELLS, Norfolk, 1814.

*** All the words in Italics are in English in the original.

GOSFIELD, 4th Nov. 1807.

I HAD scarcely got into the carriage at Yarmouth, with my brother, the Duke d'Angoulême, and the Prince of Condé, when a numerous assemblage of people, looking at me with an appearance of real interest, began to repeat, "It is the King of France, it is Louis XVIII.—it is the brother of Louis XVI."—"Yes", said I to myself, "these are genuine English; neither the cloak of incognito nor that of misfortune, elsewhere so impenetrable, can disguise from them the object of a generous sentiment. Such too, methought, is the character in which I wish to be considered here, the Count de Lille from circumstances, the King of France by right." After this first tribute which I take a pleasure in paying to England, I must add, that I have not found the usual facilities for travelling. The officers returning from the expedition against Copenhagen, had monopolized all the accommodations; and the obliging attentions of Mr. Brooke, appointed to accompany me, could not get the better of this circumstance. We proceeded a second stage with the same horses, but on reaching Wrentham, 18 miles from Yarmouth, we could procure none to go on with; and Mr. Brooke himself could not set out again till the moment of our arrival. However, as the inn was very small, and it was not yet dark, I resolved not to stop there, and requested him to order beds for us at Yoxford, 12 miles distant, giving up the idea of proceeding to Woodbridge, which is much farther. The disappointment was unpleasant, but the proverb, "Misfortune is good for something," was soon verified. Whilst we were waiting, the Prince of Condé went out for a moment, and came back, calling my nephew to assist him to make out what was said to him by two men who were at the door. My nephew went im-

mediately. My brother and I followed, and the oldest of the two Englishmen soon began speaking with such warmth and feeling, that the Prince of Condé understood him and pointed me out. The other instantly addressed me in his language: "I request you," said he, "to reckon us among those of our nation who wish to see you seated upon your throne." My nephew would have acted as interpreter, but without giving time to begin, "*Sir*," said I, in my bad English (which rendered us such good service on another occasion in releasing me from prison), *the language of the heart is understood by every body; perhaps my mind can hardly explain your words, but my heart conceives and feels perfectly well your meaning.*" He then presented to me his daughter, who had run up to see me, and his son, who is a *clergyman.* I wished the one a husband, and the other a bishopric; and was glad to learn the name of this excellent man, who is called Sir Thomas Gooch. At length the horses being put to, we again started, and arrived at Yoxford about eight o'clock. We had scarcely finished supper, before we were informed of the arrival of Mr. Bagot, under-secretary of state, and Mr. Moss, *private secretary to Mr. Canning*, who were sent by ministers to compliment me, and to offer me every kind of assistance for my journey either to Holyrood House or to Gosfield. I begged them to thank his Majesty's ministers, and to say, that I was going to fix myself for the present at Gosfield. They then expressed their mortification that they had arrived at Yarmouth too late to see me there. In fact, we ought to have met them in that town; and I have been told, that they reprimanded the magistrates of that place for not having paid me those honours, which you know, my friend, I am heartily glad that I have escaped, for they would not have agreed at all with the character in which I am desirous of appearing.

It was impossible to leave Yoxford before ten o'clock yesterday morning. At Wickham (*first stage*) I went into the house; and no sooner had I entered, than a gentleman, of the name of Lynn, accosted my brother, and, in very good French, asked him if the King of France was at Yarmouth. "No, sir," I replied, "he is in this house." Mr. Lynn immediately went to seek a portrait of the king, my brother, to compare his features with mine; and having probably spread the news of my arrival, the place was soon filled with inquisitive people, all of whom seemed a good deal interested. Just as we were going to set out again, Mr. Lynn returned with his brother, who has made several voyages to India, and, speaking in his name, offered me some Madeira wine, which I willingly accepted. At length we got into the carriage; Mr. Lynn was the first to cry, *Huzza!* and was *cheerfully* imitated by all the bystanders.

On our arrival at Colchester, at half-past five, I was so kindly invited to take some refreshment, that I could not refuse. I was conducted into a good room, where we sat down to table; the place was soon full of people, consisting chiefly of handsome and well dressed females. You (to whom the term

gallantry may be so justly applied in both acceptations) may easily imagine, that the excellent *luncheon* set before us, engaged the least part of my thoughts. Accordingly, after eating a mouthful to oblige those who had offered it to me with such cordiality, I rose, and drew near to the ladies. She who happened to be next to me, held by the hand a boy five or six years old, who immediately said to me in French, "Vive le Roi!" *I shook heartily hand with him.* Meanwhile, a circle was formed about me. Oh, how vexed I was that I could not speak English fluently! What opinion, thought I, will these ladies form of French gallantry? This idea gave me courage, and addressing myself to them all, "*If any of these ladies*," said I, "*could understand French*" —— here I was interrupted by a general chorus, pointing out one of their number, and, by the bye, a very handsome woman. She excused herself, in very good French, with that grace and modest look peculiar to the English; and thus proved to me, that I had no farther occasion to mangle her native language.

I congratulated myself on having found such an interpreter; I then requested her to express to all the others, how happy I felt at being surrounded by such a lovely company; but, in particular, how deeply sensible I was of the kindness and interest manifested for me. On leaving the house, we were in a manner carried to the coach, and when we at length set out again, the concourse, which was very great, *cheered us with three huzzas.* "Benevolent people," said I, "hospitable people, may ye ever remain what ye are!" At these words, terrible comparisons made me shudder; but the hope of one day receiving the love due to a good brother — — — —

At length we arrived here, about half past eight o'clock; with satisfied hearts, and appetites ready to be so, for we had a very good supper, though, through the neglect of my brother, we were not expected; but English hospitality had provided every thing. Lord Charles Ainslie, whose house is near Gosfield, shares all the sentiments of my worthy hosts, who are now at Stowe. He knows how to multiply the most delicate attentions. How I regret not being able to give you a copy of the obliging letter, full of feeling, kindness, and dignity, which Lady Ainslie wrote to the *housekeeper* at Gosfield Hall, at the same time sending every thing that she thought likely to be agreeable to me. Here Mr. Brooke left us, and this *truly good-natured man*, whose attentions deserve our best thanks, shed tears at parting.

Such is a correct account of my journey. Adieu, my friend! To-day is St. Charles's day; I am sorry you are not here, that we might drink my brother's health together, in Mr. Lynn's excellent wine. But as you set me so constant an example—first duty, and then pleasure. *God bless you!*

THE MARSHAL DE BRISSAC AND FAMILY OF MIRABEAU.

From the Memoirs of Baron DE GLEICHEN.

NEVER were eccentricities in France so spared as those of the Marshal de Brissac: they were indeed truly dignified, for they possessed the grace of simplicity, the charm of the romantic, and the merit of a reality equally rare and respectable. His old French style, his hyperbolic phrases, his scarlet top stockings, his richly embroidered dress coat, covered with buttons, his high toupee and hair terminating in two small queues, agreed admirably with the rest of his character. At a distance you took him for some old fool, but when you approached him, you found a man of the time of Bayard; and his heroism was rendered amiable by the expressions of his virtue, which, because they were so grotesque, did not hurt the self-love of his contemporaries.

An attempt was once made, under the pretext that he would otherwise displease the court, to persuade him to a compliance which would have placed his character in an equivocal light. He excused himself with this answer:—"I am afraid of nothing but disgrace."

In his youth, as he was once leaving the theatre, he became involved in a quarrel with the Prince of Conti, and gave him a challenge, for which he was sent to the Bastille. In order to obtain his release from this confinement, he was required to make an apology to the prince, before the whole court: it cost his parents infinite pains to prevail upon him to comply, but at length he promised to obey the king. He appeared in the gallery of Versailles, went up to the Prince of Conti, and said to him, "The king commands me to beg your pardon, and accordingly I do so. You might have obtained satisfaction in a more honourable way, for in truth I should not have killed you." He was hereupon remanded to the Bastille, but war soon broke out; Brissac was sent to his regiment, and no farther mention was made of the affair.

Another original, but of a very different stamp from the preceding, was the Marquis de Mirabeau, surnamed the Friend of Men. Montaigne had operated upon his mind exactly in the same manner as the romances of knight-errantry on that of Don Quixote. He was fond of Montaigne and of his style, and this was very well; but he woefully failed in the imitation. He was wrong too in another point—in fancying himself to be Montaigne.

The Marquis de Mirabeau was neither so good nor so bad as his friends and his enemies gave out. In consequence of the weakness of his character, he was both, according to the influence of circumstances. In vanity he equalled his friend, the Marquis de Pompignan: from their earliest youth they had mutually admired each other, and instilled that sentiment into their families, in whom it grew to adoration. Masters in their own houses, they were spoiled with that domestic incense which is not met with abroad. If Mirabeau appears as a

bad husband and a bad father, it must be confessed that he had a depraved and immoral wife, and an elder son, over whom he was obliged to exert his authority to preserve him from the scaffold: but the despotic, degrading, and mortifying manner in which he was treated and reduced to despair at home, because he was not to be subdued by chastisements, stifled within him those seeds of honour and generous ambition which must have existed in his resolute soul; augmented the violence of his passions, and sharpened his understanding, so different and so superior to that of his parents. I often told them, that they would certainly make a very wicked man of him, as they had not been able to mould him into a great one. I was on the most intimate terms with the family of Mirabeau, and brought about a reconciliation with my friend, the Chevalier Mirabeau, who had displeased his mother and brothers by his marriage with Mademoiselle de Navarre, who had been an actress and mistress of Marshal Saxe. The science of political economy, whose apostle the marquis affected to be, had led to so close an acquaintance, that I was considered as one of the family; even the old, affectedly religious, and scrupulous mother honoured me with her friendship and confidence, which excited the astonishment of the whole world, as I belonged to the number of the heretics, and lived much with the Encyclopædists, who were abhorred in this house as monsters.

She was married while very young to an old captain of the French guards, towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV. It is related, as a proof of his originality, and the respect which he enjoyed, that one day he halted at the head of his troops on the Pont Neuf, before the statue of Henry IV. and said to his soldiers, "My lads, let us pay our solemn homage to *him* —he is worth infinitely more than another." On another occasion he struck a courtier, who had not kept his word to him, in the king's antichamber; and Louis XIV. suffered all this to pass unnoticed. It appears, upon the whole, that the elder Mirabeau was rather harsh, imperious, and absolutely jealous. The young lady had a warm constitution; she was obliged to call religion to the aid of her virtue, and, in spite of her good sense and uncommon strength of mind, she degenerated into a stupid devotee. In her illness the conflicts of her temperament with virtue, and of her philosophy with the blindest credulity, seem to me to have manifested themselves.

In her 82d year she was confined with a return of the gout. Bordeux, her physician, took it for a catarrhal fever, and gave her a great quantity of kermes mineral, which thinned the gouty humours. These flew to the nerves, and at length concentrated themselves upon the brain. She became insane, raving mad, and tore all her clothes: at length it was found necessary to lay her upon straw, and leave her to the care of a man-servant, 70 years old, who alone could keep her in order, because she had once conceived a tender attachment for him. She resembled a skeleton, and scarcely seemed to breathe when she first lost her reason. From that moment her bodily health improved

to such a degree, that she recovered the plumpness of a woman in the prime of life, and all the symptoms of her sex and of youth returned. But it is much more extraordinary, that this change impelled her exactly to the two opposite points of her moral character. This so virtuous, so modest and delicate female, who was highly offended even by the most distant appearance of an equivoque, now poured forth obscenities which would have disgusted the lowest of the populace, and to which every one would have imagined her to be an utter stranger. She incessantly caressed her hoary keeper. The second result of her madness consisted in the most horrible blasphemies. When any person went to see her, the first thing she said was, "Deny God, or I'll strangle you." She lived to the age of 86 in this melancholy state, in which her mind as well as her brain may truly be said to have been completely turned.

TWO LETTERS TO FREDERIC IX. KING OF SWEDEN, FROM HIS FORMER TUTOR, COUNT TESSIN.

Not to despond in adversity is a virtue which the monarch needs as well as the subject, the rich as well as the poor. He on whom God has bestowed this gift, may truly be said to be furnished with a shield which protects him against every untoward event. I recollect a fable which may serve to illustrate this truth, and to shew how foolishly those act who suffer themselves to be hurried into despair.

There was once a rich man, whose days passed in prosperity and joy. Jupiter determined to make the experiment, how this favourite of fortune would behave in adversity. His cattle died, his crops failed, his friends deserted him and became his enemies; he durst not complain of his misfortunes to any one, not even to his nearest relatives; all that he undertook disappointed his expectations, and in a few months he was reduced to beggary. When he had long struggled with indigence and misery, he cursed the gods, instead of imploring their assistance. Not a ray of hope beamed upon him; his strength failed, and weary of life, he was hastening to the grave.

Absorbed in thought, he was one day sitting on the bank of a stream, when suddenly a storm arose and the thunder rolled tremendously in the heavens. In the midst of a black cloud he perceived a shining ball descending over his head. He was apprehensive that it would crush him, and in his fright the unfortunate man plunged into the river, where he was drowned.

Can your Royal Highness guess what this shining ball contained? —A quantity of gold and precious stones, which fell upon the ground about ten paces from the spot where the terrified mortal had been sitting.

How often do men want resolution to await quietly the decision of their fate?

May you, sire, in your future career, never want sufficient energy to remain master of yourself in prosperity, and boldly to defy adversity. Should fate have de-

creed, that you shall be exposed to the latter, I am convinced, that, as a prince, you will not compromise your dignity, or forget the advice of a faithful subject. Real greatness of soul is absolutely necessary for a sovereign; if he loses his courage, all is lost. In prosperous circumstances every one can rejoice; but the heroic mind alone can bid defiance to misfortune.

I have the honour to be, &c.

TESSIN.

March 19, 1751.

Sire, — Old folks are fond of hearing talk of things with which they were acquainted in their early years. Nothing can be more reasonable than that we should be indulged in this pleasure, which is, alas! but too often the only compensation for the disagreeables incident to age.

This experience serves to prove to me, that I am growing perceptibly older, or rather that I have nearly approached my second childhood. I am very fond of hearing tales, and what affords children greater pleasure than tales? My aunt's aunt once heard her aunt relate so and so. In this manner tales are invented, improved, and spread to the end of the world. Solid food is not always wholesome, we require occasionally light dishes that are easy of digestion. Morality is a solid food for the soul; if it is not duly seasoned, it is insipid, and we dislike it.

This long preface affords another proof, that I am an old man. Loquacity follows me, as I observe, at every step. But it is time to begin my story of the rustic and his dog.

A wealthy farmer had a dog, which was very friendly to the family and to all who had business at the house, but was so much the more formidable to thieves. His fidelity and vigilance were so well known in all the country round, that, after several ineffectual attempts, not a robber durst venture to approach the trusty guardian.

One evening the old farmer was sitting with his wife by the fireside, and talking over with her what savings they might make in their household economy.

"Goody," said he, "I've been thinking that our great dog occasions us much unnecessary expence. We are obliged to feed him; his chains and collars cost money; many a good truss of straw is wasted for his bed; and many a broom worn out in sweeping after him and keeping his kennel clean. Why should we be at this charge now? For many years not a single thief have we either heard or seen."

"You are right, deary," replied his wife. "Our maids have enough to do without waiting on this useless beast. My lap-dog is quite as watchful as that great mastiff."

Sentence of death was accordingly pronounced and executed upon old, faithful Hector. He was scarcely laid under ground when, behold, a gang of thieves came at night and completely stripped the house. The lap-dog slept soundly at his post without giving the smallest alarm.

This story may teach many a sovereign how he ought to conduct himself towards old and faithful servants. On such he may always rely when it is necessary to obviate dangers, of which a favourite,

without experience, is incapable of forming a due estimate. How seldom, nevertheless, does it happen, that rulers know how to appreciate the man of integrity, the genuine patriot? When distant calamities threaten the state, they remain unmoved; nor do they wake from their death-like slumber till roused by the crashing thunder. When lightning sets fire to an edifice, he who extinguishes the flame is infinitely more serviceable than the man who rings the alarm-bell when the destructive element has already gained the upper hand.

Perhaps the time is not far distant when your Royal Highness will, by your conduct, afford a practical illustration of these hasty lines. I have the honour to be, whilst I live, &c. TESSIN.

March 21, 1751.

PLATE 22.—VIEW OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GREEN PARK, AND THE PAGODA IN ST. JAMES'S PARK,

As they appeared on Occasion of the GRAND JUBILEE, *August* 1, 1814.

THE engravings of the Pagoda in our last number, and of the Temple in the present, afford so correct a representation of the structures erected in the Parks, for the purpose of contributing to the amusement of the public, and so large a portion of our readers must be well acquainted with them, from actual and frequent observation, that it would be superfluous to enter into any long or elaborate description. It is well known, that over the canal, in the middle of St. James's Park, was thrown a beautiful Chinese bridge of timber, on the center of which was constructed the elegant and lofty Pagoda, consisting of seven pyramidal stories. This building, with various small temples and columns on the bridge, was destined for the display of brilliant fireworks and illuminations during the night of the 1st of August, and was an object of singular magnificence. It appeared a blazing edifice of golden fire, every part being covered with lamps, and glass reflectors at proper intervals relieving the splendour with their silver lustre. Unfortunately, towards the conclusion of the fireworks, this beautiful structure caught fire about the middle, and this accident occasioned the loss of two lives. One man, who had ascended from curiosity, finding his retreat cut off by the flames, threw himself from the top, and was killed by the fall; the other, a carpenter, in rushing down the stairs through the flames, was so shockingly burned, that he expired next day. The five upper stories were destroyed, and part of the lower ones considerably injured. The whole of the superstructure was afterwards removed, and the bridge, which was intended to be a permanent erection, finished in the manner in which it at present appears.

The Temple, or rather the Castle, for such was its original appearance, stood at the south-east angle of the Green Park. The ramparts, about 100 feet square, were surmounted by a round tower in the centre, about 60 feet in diameter, and rising to the total height

of about 90 feet. Of the profusion of fireworks of all kinds discharged from the battlements of this castle, it is not our intention to speak; suffice it to observe, that after an exhibition of their brilliant effects for more than two hours, a discharge of cannon enveloped the whole building in a smoke so dense, that no part of it was visible to the innumerable spectators assembled on the occasion; but when this obstruction cleared away, it burst upon them, metamorphosed into the Temple of Concord, most brilliantly illuminated, adorned with allegorical paintings and devices by the first artists, and revolving upon its centre, so that every part was alternately presented to the admiring multitude. No display of artificial and ornamental light was ever condensed in a smaller compass, and heightened into more magnificent effect.

The upper and lower pictures on each side were connected in subject, the latter being sequels to the former. They were illustrative of the origin and effects of War—the deliverance of Europe from Tyranny—the Restoration of the Bourbons by the aid of the Allies—the return of Peace and its happy consequences—and the Triumph of Britain under the government of the Prince Regent. On the first side, Strife, as described by the ancient poets, was represented expelled from heaven, and sent to excite dissensions among men. Jupiter, accompanied by other deities, was seen dismissing her from above, and the inhabitants of the earth appeared flying, terrified at her approach. In the lower compartment was represented the effect of her descent. On one side were the Cyclops forging the implements of war. Mars, in his car driven by Bellona, and hurried on by the Furies, was overturning all before him; while blazing towns and a desolated plain occupied the back-ground. In front Charity was flying in dismay, Truth and Justice seemed quitting the earth, while Hope lingered behind.—The second side represented Europe struggling with Tyranny, who was tearing off her diadem and trampling on her balance; at his feet lay prostrate Liberty, among emblems of Religion, Justice, &c. Wisdom, brandishing the lightning, appeared descending to the rescue of Europe. In the lower picture the Genius of France was seen on one side restoring the sceptre to the dynasty of the Bourbons, personified by a female seated on a throne, in a regal mantle adorned with fleurs de lis: on the other, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sweden appeared to witness the event with delight; while a group of subjects behind were expressing their joy and homage, and Genii were descending with emblems of Peace, Plenty, Justice, Honour, Liberty, Religion, &c. At one end of this composition was Strength driving out Anarchy, Fraud, and Rebellion; at the other end, was Victory inscribing on a shield the names of the great commanders of the allied powers, and Fame sounding her trumpet.—On the third side were seen Peace in the clouds with her olive-branch, Time beholding her with transport, and the Earth hailing her return. Beneath was represented her reign, or the renewal of the golden age. Here she ap-

peared surrounded by Plenty, the Rural Deities, Agriculture, Commerce, the Arts, Minerva, and the Muses.—The fourth side displayed a colossal statue of the Prince Regent crowned by Victory; Discord chained by force to the pedestal; Truth and Justice returning to the earth, and Britannia looking up to Heaven with gratitude for the blessings of his government. Below was exhibited the triumph of Britain. Britannia appeared in a car of state, accompanied by Neptune with his trident, and Mars displaying the British standard, and attended by Fame and Victory. She was preceded by Prudence, Temperance, Justice, and Fortitude; and followed by the Arts, Commerce, Industry, and Domestic Virtues.

The splendour of this beautiful edifice was destined to be but of short duration. A few days after the grand festival for which it was erected, the paintings were removed; and on the 11th of October and following days, the timber and other materials were sold by auction in lots, and removed by the purchasers. The destruction of the originals cannot fail to enhance the value of the annexed faithful representations of these beautiful buildings.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann has announced for publication, on the 1st of January next, an elegant edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, with twelve beautiful engravings by Scott, from designs by Thurston and Burney, illustrative of the following subjects:—Religion—The Crucifixion—The Ascension—Baptism—The Ten Commandments — Prayer — Psalms—Confirmation—The Holy Communion—Visitation of the Sick—Burial.

Mr. Ackermann has informed the subscribers to the *History of the University and City of Oxford*, that to complete the graphic illustration of this history, now verging to the last number, it is proposed to give an interesting and appropriate addition, by a Series of the Portraits of those distinguished persons who were the Founders of Colleges and Public Buildings in that University, from pictures at Oxford and in private collections. These plates will be ready for delivery on or before March 1, 1815.

The same publisher has announced, by subscription, *A Series of Views of Cottages*, exhibiting a specimen of one from each of the fifty-two counties of England and Wales. It will consist of five monthly numbers, the first of which will appear on the 1st January next.

The Rev. Mr. Nightingale, author of the Portraiture of Methodism, is preparing for publication, a work, to be entitled *Theo-mania*, or *Historical Anecdotes of Religious Insanity and Delusion*, from the earliest ages of the Christian church to the recent imposture of Joanna Southcott. In six chapters it will contain accounts and anecdotes of pretended prophets, both before and after the Reformation; of supposed miracle-workers; of visionaries, saints, and persons pretending to have become divine, and to possess extraordinary calls; and,

lastly, an authentic memoir of the early life of Joanna Southcott, and of the origin and progress of her supposed mission.

Two volumes of *Poems*, including lyrical ballads and miscellaneous pieces, is announced by Mr. Wordsworth.

Lucien Bonaparte brings out his poem of *Charlemagne* at Rome, under the patronage of the Pope, with whom he appears to be a special favourite. It will also appear in most of the languages of Europe, in the respective capitals, on the same day. The English translation will be made by Messrs. Butler and Hodgson, and will be published at the same time as the French original.

The Rev. E. T. Vaughan, of Leicester, announces the *Life* of that truly apostolic character, the late Rev. Thomas Robinson, of St. Mary's, in that town.

Mr. Sharon Turner announces the speedy publication of that portion of his *History of England* which extends from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Edward III. comprising the literary history during that period, after the manner of his much admired History of the Anglo-Saxons, from original and authentic documents.

Mr. J. D. Patison is preparing for publication, an interesting work, under the title of *Illustrations of London*. It will consist of an historical, critical, and descriptive account of the principal public and private edifices, and other interesting monuments of art in the British metropolis and its vicinity; and will be embellished with numerous engravings, comprising views, plans, elevations, sections, and details; in which he will be aided by Messrs. Porden and Vulliamy, architects. The work will be comprised in three volumes, 8vo. and will be published in parts every two months.

The Rev. T. Morell, of St. Neot's, has in the press, the second volume of *Studies in History*, which will contain the History of Rome, from its earliest records to Constantine, in a series of essays, accompanied with moral and religious reflections, references to original authorities, and historical questions, which are so constructed as to include the substance of each essay.

Dr. Macleay, of Oban, has composed, from authentic documents and local traditions, *An Account of the unsuccessful Attempt made in 1745, to restore Prince Charles Stuart to the ancient Throne of his Ancestors.*

A humorous poetical work, written by a field-officer, entitled, *The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome*, embellished with twelve coloured caricatures by Rowlandson, is in the press and will be published in November.

In a late report of the concerns of Drury-lane Theatre, made to a meeting of the proprietors, the chairman of the committee, Mr. Whitbread, stated, that there was no want of dramatic authors in the present age, for no fewer than 276 tragedies, comedies, operas, and farces, have been submitted to the committee of management during their short period of duty, of which we give the following account:—

Dramas considered upon the whole as unfit for representation, and which have been returned to the writers, tho'

in nearly one fourth of the instances they had found difficulty in discovering the address 241
Dramas disapproved of, and yet to be delivered . . . 2
Dramas disapproved of, but sent in without address, and which they could not return 11
Dramas approved of, partly brought out and to be brought out 14
Dramas still under consideration 8

In all 276

The following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surrey Institution, in the ensuing season:—

Mr. Wheeler, on Chemistry, to commence on Tuesday, November 15, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.

Mr. Rippingham, on Eloquence, to commence on Friday, Nov. 18, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday.

Mr. J. Mason Good, on Classical and Polite Literature, to commence on Friday, January 6, 1815, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday: and,

Dr. Crotch, on Music, will commence in February, 1815.

An aquatinta engraving of the *Grand East Front of Eaton Hall*, has just been published, at the request and under the patronage of Earl Grosvenor. This plate, two feet by one foot five inches, drawn by J. Halton, Chester, a pupil of Mr. Cuitt's, and engraved in an exquisite style by Mr. Medland, of the East India College, Hertford, certainly affords us a better idea of this magnificent Gothic mansion, than any yet offered to the public. The perspective is just and true, the drawing correct and chaste, and truly descriptive of this much-admired building, which stands unrivalled in this kingdom.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(*Continued from p.* 197.)

MARLBOROUGH AND WELLINGTON.

HAIL to this regal dome, this gorgeous palace!
Where this inventive race have lavish'd all
Their elegance; ye gay apartments, hail!
Beneath your storied roof, where mimic life
Glows to the eye, and at the painter's touch
A new creation lives along the walls;
Once more receive a conqueror, arrived
From rougher scenes;
——————— whose warlike arm
Hurl'd desolation on the falling ranks,
And now the *monster* lies o'erwhelm'd in ruin.

MURPHY.

Such, we may suppose, to have been the acclamations of a grateful nation to a Marlborough, on presenting to him the magnificent pile of Blenheim House; such *might* now be the address of the British people to the gallant Wellington: and surely not even the most rigid economy could object to an expenditure of the public money as thoughtless and extravagant, when its object was to reward the hero who had encountered all the dangers, and submitted to the hardships and privations, of successive campaigns. When we can afford to lavish thousands and tens of thousands on the passing pageant of an hour, it would be unreasonable to murmur at the expence incurred

by an edifice which might remain to late posterity a proud monument of Wellington's fame and Britain's gratitude.

ON SYMMETRY.

Extravagant and incredible as it may appear, it has been contended by some, that an attention to symmetry and uniformity in architecture, is by no means important, asserting them to be both incompatible with convenience of interior arrangement and destructive of picturesque beauty.

That internal convenience would be obtained with less study and trouble, were external beauty to be disregarded, I will not deny; but the architect would not be able to display his ingenuity in surmounting the difficulty. The poet might as readily exclaim against the restraints of rhyme and measure; and indeed it would be well for blockheads and bunglers, if we were less rigorous in our demands, if we would be content with rhyme without sense, and convenience without beauty, or *vice versa*.

The apparent ease with which the artist overcomes difficulties, enhances the value of his performance, and we derive additional pleasure; we are not only charmed with its intrinsic beauty, but admire the skill and talent which produce it. With respect to picturesque effect, I must confess, that I do not comprehend how it would be promoted by a neglect of uniformity. In natural objects formality always disgusts. Straight alleys and clipped trees betray indeed a barbarous taste; but the same correct taste which abhors the introduction of studied forms into natural objects, will be as much displeased with the absence of regularity in artificial ones. We might as reasonably pretend, that a table would be more picturesque by having its legs of different forms: it would be hardly less ridiculous to maintain, that one side of the face should not correspond with the other. That which is significantly termed the picturesque, or, in other words, is peculiarly adapted to produce a striking and pleasing effect in representation, is not always the most beautiful in reality. How delightful, for instance, is an interior by Gerard Dow! how skilful the arrangement! the whole composition how *picturesque!* Yet would the same gloomy apartment, its mean window with panes, its raftered ceiling, clumsy and ponderous furniture, and the grotesque assemblage of the most discordant articles, rich carpets and vegetables, culinary utensils of every description and magnificent chandeliers, books and dead game, &c. would not all this disgust, rather than please in the reality? And yet it would be hardly more extravagant to furnish the interior of our dwellings *à la Hollandaise*, than to masque them externally under the uncouth disguises of ancient castles or abbeys, or what are rather styled so by courtesy than propriety, where, if picturesqueness is ever attained, it almost always happens that it is at the expence of beauty. Still, where an old edifice has been modernized, we do not blame, but when we perceive new erections imitating old buildings renewed, and voluntarily resigning all symmetry and grace, astonishment usurps the place of admiration. It would be quite as

judicious to adopt the straggling plan of an old mansion, where room has gradually been added to room, as circumstances required, in preference to the compactness and convenient uniformity of a new one. I grant, that an old building to which parts have been added at different periods, may possess a picturesque and romantic air not unpleasing, and the sight may awaken numberless pleasing associations and reflections; but this can be only while we are conscious that their grotesque and varied appearance is the result of time and accident, by which, in a long series of years, the ruined priory or castle has gradually been transformed into its present shape. In a modern imitation the case is widely different; the uncouthness and deformity of the model is retained, but every charm of antiquity is fled, and in its place you find nothing but a disgusting affectation. In the former instance, deficiency in beauty is in a great measure atoned for by the interest naturally excited by the view of any building whose antiquity leads back the mind to former days, and recalls many historic events; we rather amuse ourselves by imagining it in its pristine magnificence, than admire its present form, and excuse the irregularity and inconvenience of such a dwelling, as resulting from necessity, not from choice. In the latter instance, one question must doubtless suggest itself to every one. Why should irregularity be preferred to symmetry, when the one was as easily to be obtained as the other? You may indeed, in a modern castle, have long corridors, winding staircases, turrets, galleries, and gloomy chambers, with all the paraphernalia of a romance; nay, let us even go farther, and suppose that the hall is graced with the escutcheons of knights who never existed, except in fiction, and that ingenuity has contrived a haunted chamber and legendary tales of ghosts; yet I apprehend neither cheerfulness nor comfort would be found in such a gloomy habitation. As a monument of ruder and less civilized ages, the castle may be viewed with interest, and we may be permitted to rejoice, that no occasion now exists for the cheerless residence of the Donjon: earnestly, therefore, ought we to deprecate an imitation of a style of architecture so deficient both in beauty and convenience, that it appears to have originated in, and to have been submitted to, from necessity alone.

(To be continued.)

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

FRANCE.

THE subjects which have occupied the attention of the *Parliament*, as we may term it, of France, during the past month, have been mostly of a local nature. The proposed law respecting the exportation of corn, the provisions of which were detailed in our last number, has been adopted. In addition to this measure, the laws relative to the naturalization of such natives of the departments separated by the late peace from the

French monarchy, as shall chuse to remove within its present limits; to the cultivation of tobacco, the importation of foreign iron and steel, and the export of wool, have been the principal topics of discussion in the House of Deputies.

The operation of the law for the regulation of the press begins to be felt. On the 30th of September six booksellers were apprehended at Paris, for circulating seditious publications. One of these, we are told, is written by a Septembrizer, and another "by a furious regicide, covered not only with the blood of his king, but with that of thousands of victims who perished in 1793." This last character is evidently designed for the well-known Carnot, who has addressed a letter to the editor of one of the Paris journals, declaring, that the pamphlet circulated in his name, under the title of "Memoir, addressed to the king, for the month of July 1814," was printed without his consent and contrary to his intention. It does not appear that any legal steps have yet been taken against Carnot, who does not deny being the author of the pamphlet in question; in which he undertakes to justify the death of Louis XVI. and to defend a principle the application of which is not confined to that unfortunate monarch, but apparently, if not evidently, extended to living persons, to recent events and present circumstances. If it really is a libel, and examples must be made, it is to be hoped that, in the distribution of justice, the government will so far consult its dignity as to inflict the punishment where it is most deserved, and not descend to the prosecution of printers and booksellers, while the prime agent and author of the obnoxious production is permitted to escape.

Our newspapers have of late frequently called the attention of the public to the assistance which our new friends the French appear so well disposed to lend to the only enemy we now have, by permitting American privateers to refit in their ports. The mischief with which such a practice threatens our commerce, are too self-evident and too ruinous, to suppose, that the British government can much longer avoid remonstrating with energy against its continuance.

NETHERLANDS.

During the important negociations at Vienna, no efforts are neglected for keeping up a formidable military appearance in this quarter, particularly on the French frontier, so that the number of the troops stationed between Namur and Nieuport, exclusively of the garrisons of the towns, is estimated at 80,000. France, on her part, has considerably strengthened her garrisons along the whole boundary line, and is sending more troops from the interior. The late discussion of the law relative to naturalization in the House of Deputies, has sufficiently betrayed the reluctance of the French to renounce their pretensions to these fine provinces.

An important decree relative to the liberty of the press, dated September 23, has been published at Brussels. It annuls the French laws on the subject, and establishes a system nearly resembling that which exists in this country. The Prince Sovereign has also issued a decree, enjoining the solemn observance of the Sabbath; another, for restoring the language of the

country, which had fallen into disuse during the union of Belgium with France; and a third, for affording relief to the inferior clergy.

GERMANY.

The eyes of the world are at present fixed upon the Congress of Vienna, where the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Hesse, Brunswick, and many of the minor German princes, together with the ministers of Britain, France, Spain, Sardinia, and the Swiss Confederacy, are engaged in regulating that political balance which will, it is confidentlyhoped, ensure the future repose of Europe. Respecting the progress made in this important business, we are as yet wholly ignorant, as we hear nothing of the illustrious personages assembled in the Austrian capital, except in the diary of the festivities prepared for their amusement. It is, however, but reasonable to presume, that all the principal points will be adjusted before the departure of the sovereigns, who are expected to set out about the end of October on their return to their respective dominions.

The fate of Saxony still remains in suspense; but the arrest of several military officers of high rank, who had signed a memorial in favour of their unfortunate sovereign, for the purpose of being presented to the Congress at Vienna, is no very auspicious omen for King Augustus. It seems more than probable, that his dominions, if not doomed to pass entirely under a foreign sceptre, will at least be very much diminished. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, whom report represented as likely to be a sharer, is said to have declared his fixed determination to accept no part of the spoil.

The Prince Bishop of Fulda died in his capital on the 8th of October, at the age of 78 years.

SWITZERLAND.

The new federal compact has been accepted by the majority of the cantons, but some of them have refused to accede to its provisions. Upon the whole, general harmony seems by no means to prevail in this country. In the Tessin popular commotions have taken place, and called for military interference before they could be appeased.

The little republic of Geneva has been united as an additional canton to the Swiss Confederacy; and the principality of Neufchatel also has been incorporated with the Helvetic body.

SPAIN.

The aspect of affairs in this distracted country is not improving; and in spite of the assurance lately given by Count Labrador while ambassador at Paris, that there was not a more happy and contented people on earth than the subjects of Ferdinand VII. we discover, in their official documents, ample proof of the contrary. Thus, on the 28th of August, Villavicencio, governor of Cadiz, issued a proclamation, in which he complains of the inefficacy of the measures previously adopted for repressing traitors and disturbers of the public tranquillity; and gives notice, that, considering himself in a state of war, he has appointed a military commission for the trial of all persons charged with offending by word or deed, directly or indirectly, against the sovereignty of Fer-

dinand VII. We are told, that by this strong measure, Cadiz has been kept quiet without bloodshed, but that many persons have in consequence quitted the city, and others have been apprehended.

This state of things is far from being confined to one solitary city. From royal instructions issued about the middle of September, we learn, that the provinces of Old and New Castile, Estremadura, Andalusia, Arragon, and Valencia, are overrun with malefactors and highwaymen, and accordingly placed under martial law. A commission was about the same time appointed for the trial of the members of the Cortes confined in the various prisons, and styled, by way of reproach, the *Liberales*. Two magistrates, both members of the Supreme Council of Castile, nominated to form part of this tribunal, immediately gave in their resignation.

Meanwhile, the arrests not only of natives of some distinction, but also of foreigners domiciliated in Spain, continue. In the night of the 25th of September, 26 individuals were apprehended at Madrid for the alledged crimes of Free-Masonry, and attachment to the Cortes; and many others have since been taken into custody.

The systematic ingratitude of the *beloved* Ferdinand to all those to whom he is indebted for the preservation of his throne, if not originating in a weak head, affords abundant demonstration of a detestable heart. With the same spirit which dictated the persecution of the Cortes, he is now, as we are assured, adopting measures for the extermination of the Guerillas, and laments the difficulty which he finds in the accomplishment of his purpose. Such is the reward of those brave, loyal, and patient people, who have submitted to every privation and confronted every danger in his cause.

It seems not improbable, that the treatment experienced by Mina, the celebrated Guerilla chieftain, may have formed part of this plan. From official papers, published by the viceroy of Navarre, it would appear that government had determined to remove Mina from active service, and to disperse the troops under his command. Mina, instead of submitting to these arrangements, marched, in the night of September 26, with a regiment of volunteers, for the purpose of surprizing Pampeluna, the capital of the province; but his design was betrayed by some of his own officers to the viceroy. The failure of his plan was the natural consequence. After this disappointment, he proceeded to Puente de la Reyna, where part of his force, represented as considerable, is stationed. The prisons of Navarre are stated to be full of persons holding correspondence with him, and his operations are presumed to be only a ramification of a plan of insurrection, which embraces Arragon and Catalonia, and extends even to Cadiz. These points comprize the whole kingdom, the affairs of which would hence appear to be rapidly hastening to a crisis.

Intelligence has been received from South America, that, on the 5th of May last, a convention was concluded between the generals of the national army and the govern-

ment of Chili, in which that kingdom acknowledges Ferdinand VII. and promises obedience to the mother country, on condition of being permitted to send deputies to the Cortes. This convention, however, is likely to be embarrassed by the turn which affairs have taken in Spain: not only have the Cortes been abolished, but the constitution framed by that assembly, has also been destroyed.

ITALY.

The Grand-Duke of Tuscany made his solemn entry into Florence on the 17th Sept. If we may believe the foreign journals, this prince will receive the hand of the Queen of Etruria, and his territories be augmented by the accession, on the part of Austria, of the whole country between the Mincio and Piedmont, upon which he will assume the royal dignity as King of Lombardy.

Murat, who still continues his military demonstrations, not long since pompously announced the arrival of Prince Esterhazy at Naples, on a mission from the Emperor of Austria. It is, however, reported, that his errand is not of the most pleasant nature to King Joachim, as he is instructed to require the restoration of those provinces of the Ecclesiastical state still occupied by the Neapolitan troops.

Joseph Bonaparte has purchased a valuable estate in the vicinity of Rome; where his brother Louis arrived in September, and where other branches of his family are shortly expected. The title conferred on Lucien by his Holiness is Prince of Canino, and not Musignano, as before stated.

The foreign journals positively assert, that the removal of Napoleon from the Isle of Elba, will be determined at the Congress of Vienna. The government of France seems to consider this measure indispensably necessary for the future tranquillity of that country; and the journey of the Duke of Berry to England in August last, is said to have been undertaken for the purpose of obtaining the consent of the British cabinet. The only difficulty will be to find a suitable residence for so turbulent a spirit. The policy of the change must be obvious; for so long as Bonaparte remains near the seat of his former power, so long will the disaffected and designing look to him as a rallying point, the want of which must extinguish their hopes, and tend to the gradual cooling of those passions which, at some future period, might otherwise endanger the repose of Europe.

AMERICA.

In our last we left Lieutenant-General Drummond, with the British force under his command, blockading Fort Erie. Previously to the meditated attack on that position, Captain Dobbs, at the head of a party of seamen and marines, made a dash, in the night of the 11th of August, at the enemy's armed vessels lying close under the fort. After a short struggle, two schooners were carried, and accident alone prevented the capture of the third. This success was followed by a general attack in the night of the 15th. The British troops were formed in two columns; one under Colonel Fischer was directed to advance against the enemy's position on Snake Hill; while the other, com-

posed of the centre and left divisions under Colonel Scott and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, proceeded to storm the fort and entrenchments in front of the British camp. The latter gallantly accomplished this service, and had actually turned the enemy's guns against themselves, when the accidental explosion of a magazine under the platform destroyed almost all the British troops that had entered the place. Colonel Fischer's division was stopped by an abattis, and thus prevented from supporting the main body, the relics of which abandoned the fort and retreated to their camp. In this unfortunate affair our loss was very severe, amounting to 57 killed, including Colonel Scott and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond; 309 wounded, and 539 missing, but most of whom are supposed to have perished by the explosion. This loss, however, has been more than compensated by the reinforcements which Gen. Drummond has since received. With this augmentation of strength the approaches to the fort have been resumed, with the confident anticipation of ultimate success.

In another part of the Canadian frontier a reverse not less mortifying has been experienced by the British arms. The official details have not yet arrived, but, through other channels, we learn, that, on the 1st Sept. the army of Lower Canada, under Sir George Prevost, entered the territory of the United States at Odelltown, to take possession of the country proposed to be permanently included in the new boundary line. The British commander advanced with little opposition to Plattsburg, which he entered on the 6th. The enemy, about 3000 in number, occupied a strong position near that town. The co-operation of our little squadron on Lake Champlain was required to dislodge them, and it accordingly sailed for that purpose. On the 11th Sept. a combined attack was made, but the hopes of success were early blasted by the fall of Capt. Downie, who commanded the flotilla in the Confiance of 28 guns. The rudder of that ship being disabled, she became unmanageable; and the Linnet of 16 guns, our next largest vessel, grounded early in the fight: they were in consequence exposed to the superior force of the enemy, and after a prodigious slaughter, compelled to strike. The division of gunboats, 12 in number, was brought off. Sir George Prevost, who had meanwhile forced the passage of the river Saranac, was obliged, by the loss of the flotilla, to abandon the advantages which he had gained, and to retreat to Odelltown, where he had his head-quarters on the 13th. It is believed, that he will be under the necessity of falling back still farther upon Montreal.

A more grateful subject now demands our attention. During the months of June, July, and August, the naval force under Rear-Admiral Cockburn, was incessantly engaged in harassing the enemy in every assailable position on the shores of the Chesapeake, till the arrival of Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, our commander in chief on that station. On the 17th of August he was joined by Rear-Admiral Malcolm with the expect-

ed reinforcements from Bermuda. An attack upon the American flotilla in the Patuxent was planned, and the fleet sailed up the river to execute this design. The military force under Major-General Ross was landed on the 20th, at Benedict, on the right bank, and advanced towards Nottingham, off which place Commodore Barney was stationed with the flotilla; while Admiral Cockburn with the shipping sailed up the river. On the approach of the latter, the Americans set fire to all their vessels, except one that fell into our hands. The British commanders, who were now only 16 miles from Washington, resolved to make an attempt upon that seat of the American government. In pursuance of this design, they reached Bladenburg, about 5 miles from the capital, on the 24th. On the opposite side of the Potomac, the enemy, between 8 and 9000 strong, was discovered posted on a commanding height, while his artillery defended a bridge that crossed the river. Our force, which was not half so numerous, attacked with such impetuosity, that the Americans quickly fled. Commodore Barney, who commanded the artillery, was wounded and taken prisoner, and ten pieces of cannon were left in our possession. Our gallant little army moved the same night, without farther opposition, to Washington; and on its approach the enemy set fire to the navy-yard and arsenal, which, with the naval stores, a large frigate nearly ready for launching, a sloop of war, and the fort defending the sea-approach, were wholly consumed. The Capitol, including the Senate-House and the House of Representation, the Treasury, the War-Office, the President's palace, the rope-walk, the great bridge across the Potomac, and all the public buildings, were burned the same night by our troops, who found in the place 206 pieces of cannon and a large quantity of ammunition. The object of the expedition being thus completely accomplished, the British general determined to withdraw the troops before any greater force of the enemy could be assembled. He accordingly left Washington on the night of the 25th, and re-embarked at Benedict on the 30th. Our loss in this service amounted to 64 killed and 185 wounded.

Admiral Cochrane, before he entered the Patuxent, had sent a detachment of frigates, under Capt. Gordon, up the Potomac, to make a diversion, by attacking Fort Washington, which, with the artillery, was completely destroyed. The populous town of Alexandria having thus lost its only defence, proposed to capitulate. Capt. Gordon consented to spare the place, with the exception of public works, on condition that all warlike stores, shipping, and merchandize, should be given up. Owing to the dangerous passage, and the preparations made by the enemy to intercept our little squadron, it was not without great difficulty that it descended the river with its prizes to rejoin the fleet, having, in these operations, had 7 men killed and 35 wounded.

Sir Peter Parker, in the Menelaus, with some other vessels, had been at the same time sent up the Chesapeake, above Baltimore, to divert the attention of the enemy in

that quarter. After having frequently dislodged small bodies, by landing parties of seamen and marines, Sir Peter ventured to attack a force of five times his number, and possessing the advantage of artillery: this daring attempt was, nevertheless, successful; the enemy fled at all points; but the British commander received a mortal wound, of which he expired in a few minutes. In this rencounter, the crew of the Menelaus had 14 killed, including their captain, and 27 wounded.

Baltimore was the next object towards which the attention of Admiral Cochrane and General Ross was directed. The troops disembarked on the 12th of September, near North Point, on the left bank of the Parapsco river, about 13 miles from Baltimore. Not far from North Point the enemy had entrenched himself across a neck of land, but, on the approach of the British troops, he retired precipitately from this position. About two miles beyond it, our advance became engaged, and Gen. Ross received a wound in his breast, which immediately proved mortal. The chief command then devolved on Colonel Brook. The advance continuing to press forward, the enemy's light troops were pushed to within five miles of Baltimore, where a corps of about 6000 men, six pieces of artillery, and some hundred cavalry, were strongly posted under cover of a wood. Dispositions were immediately made for a general attack. The enemy's force being utterly broken and dispersed, fled in every direction, leaving on the field two pieces of cannon, with a considerable number of killed, wounded, and prisoners. The day being far advanced, and the troops much fatigued, they halted for the night on the ground from which the enemy had been driven. At day-break on the 13th, the army again advanced, and took up a position eastward of Baltimore, about a mile and a half distant. Arrangements were made for a night attack; but during the evening, Colonel Brook received a communication from the commander in chief of the naval forces, apprizing him, that, from the sinking of vessels in the harbour, naval co-operation against the town and camp was impracticable. Under these circumstances, it was determined not to persist in an attack on the town, where the force of the enemy was estimated at 15 or 20,000 men. The troops were withdrawn on the 14th, and the following day re-embarked at North Point, with the loss of 39 killed, and 251 wounded.

On the 26th of August, an expedition, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke and Admiral Griffith, sailed from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, for the Penobscot river, which divides New Hampshire from New Brunswick. Fort Custine, defending the entrance, was carried after a short resistance; and the John Adams frigate, which had taken refuge here, and was supposed to be secure against every attempt, was, with other vessels, captured and destroyed. By the subsequent reduction of the strong position of Machias, the whole country between Penobscot river and Passamaquoddy bay is now in our possession.

It may easily be conceived, that

the destruction of the capital, and the alarm excited by the different attacks in various parts of the coast, must have filled the people and the government of the United States with consternation. Did we want other proofs how deeply these humiliations are felt, we should find abundant evidence of the fact in the snivelling proclamation of President Madison, who, impudently denying the atrocious outrages committed by his countrymen, talks of the "wanton destruction of the public edifices having no relation to the operations of war," and the "undisturbed plunder of private property."—"And," continues he, "whereas these proceedings and declared purposes, which exhibit a deliberate disregard of the principles of humanity and the rules of civilized warfare, and which must give to the existing war a character of extended devastation and barbarism, at the very moment of negociations for peace, invited by the enemy himself, leave no prospect of safety to any thing within the reach of his predatory and incendiary operations, but in manful and universal determination to expel the invader:" — he therefore exhorts the good people of the United States to unite their hearts and hands for that purpose; and all officers, civil and military, to exert themselves in executing the duties with which they are respectively charged.

The false colouring given to this first official document issued by the President since his return to Washington, does not fail to strike even the Americans themselves, and is too glaring to require any animadversion here.

Mutual criminations have succeeded the capture of Washington. Armstrong, the secretary at war, is charged with having neglected to provide a sufficient force for the defence of the district; and he, on the other hand, asserts, that if the troops assembled at Bladensburg had behaved as they ought, our troops must have been beaten, and the capital saved. It appears, however, that the popular feeling has been so strongly expressed against Armstrong, that he has been removed from his situation, and succeeded by Colonel Monroe.

According to the latest accounts, a temporary building was erecting at Washington for the accommodation of Congress, which was expected to meet on the 22d of September.

PLATE 23.—DESCRIPTION OF QUEENSTON, UPPER CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

SIR,

HAVING, on former occasions, sent for your elegant *Repository* various accounts of the Canadas, I now the more willingly resume the subject, as they are unhappily become the theatre of a most sanguinary contest, though, on our part, unprovoked.

The settlement of Queenston, of which the annexed is an accurate view, will doubtless transmit its name to the historic page, as being the centre of most of our military

QUEENSTON, Or the landing between Lake Ontario, & Lake Erie.

operations in Upper Canada, since the breaking out of the present war. I have before remarked, that we are by no means fortunate in the choice of our colonial settlements. In that respect, the French far exceed us. Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Niagara, Detroit, &c. were founded by that highly gifted nation; whilst York, Amherstburg, Sandwich, St. Joseph's, &c. &c. are badly chosen posts, and never can rise into consequence. Queenston, however, is a remarkable exception. This pretty town owes its origin to the late William Hamilton, whose mansion is conspicuous in the view. Queenston is situated on the north-west side of the straits of Niagara, mid-way between Lake Ontario and the Falls of Niagara, being about seven miles distant from the former, and six from the latter. It is at the head of the navigation; for here the straits expand a little, and form a noble bason; beyond which the waters are unnavigable, as the rapids from the falls terminate there. It is supposed, and appearances strongly countenance the supposition, that the vast accumulation of waters which form the upper lakes, first burst through their natural boundaries at this spot, and have been ever since wearing away the rampart, and retiring backward to their present site. Even in the memory of man, the great fall has been observed to have gained on the rock, over which it precipitates itself in the form of a horse-shoe. Supposing, then, one foot of the rocky mound had been worn away by the waters every year, it must be more than 30,000 years since this natural phenomenon commenced!—As no vessel, not even a birch canoe, can ascend higher than Queenston, all goods for the upper country are obliged to be landed here, and carried over-land to Chippeway, where they are reshipped. This place is therefore called by the inhabitants "The Landing." The Anglo-Americans had always appreciated the importance of this situation. They lately began to build a town on the opposite bank, called Lewiston; and indeed there is no place in Upper Canada that seems so well adapted to become the capital of the province as Queenston, were it not that its proximity to the frontiers of the United States would render it, on every dispute, liable to be insulted or destroyed.

It was on the heights above Queenston that the late Major-General Brock terminated his short but brilliant career of glory. He had accompanied his own regiment, the 49th, to Canada in 1803. He was for some time military governor of Quebec, during which he greatly improved the fortifications. He commanded our little army in Upper Canada at the breaking out of the war; totally defeated and took prisoners General Hull and all his forces, who had invaded the province with the avowed intention of keeping possession of it; upon which Major-General Brock crossed over, attacked and took Detroit, with the fine park of brass ordnance which the Americans had formerly captured from General Burgoyne at Saratoga. The enemy, however, broke through our too much extended line at Queenston. Brock was quickly at that post, and held in check their whole

army at the head of only the two flank companies of his own regiment—but

"Such courage length of life denies."

He fell on this memorable spot, certainly ennobled by the death of a hero. His friend, Major-General Sheaffe, was at hand. He marched reinforcements with the utmost promptitude, engaged and defeated the the American Gen. Wandsworth, and took him prisoner with all his forces.

At a future time I shall perhaps continue these observations; meanwhile I am, &c. E. W.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician, from the 15th of September to the 15th of October, 1814.

Acute Diseases.—Fever, 6...Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 15...Pleurisy, 1....Inflammatory sore-throat, 3....Catarrh, 2....Measles, 3...Nettle-rash, 2....Hooping-cough, 3.... Gout, 1....Cholera, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 6.

Chronic Diseases.—Asthenia, 6... Palsy, 2....Head-ach, 4...Marasmus, 1....Consumption, 3....Cough and dyspnœa, 21....Asthma, 3....Pleurodyne, 4....Rheumatism, 5...Lumbago, 2....Enterodynia, 1...Colic, 2...Gastrodynia, 3....Diarrhœa, 6.... Worms, 2....Dropsy, 3...Dyspepsia, 5....Cutaneous diseases, 8....Female complaints, 4.

Although the season may be regarded as favourable to health in general, several cases of fever have occurred, especially amongst the poor. The symptoms, however, have not been of a malignant nature, and the complaint does not seem to spread by infection. The great art in the cure of fever, when it is fairly established in the system, is, to enforce extreme cleanliness, to see that the patient's chamber is well ventilated, and that no improper food is forced upon them, for there is little inclination on their part to take any. Hot beds, hot apartments, and hot drinks should be scrupulously avoided, whilst every thing cooling may be allowed with safety. The cases which for some time past have come under the reporter's notice, have recovered with no other treatment than enforcing these rules, giving purgatives, acids, and cooling drinks. When the heat of the body has been high, sponging it with water always afforded relief, and few fevers require more than opening medicines and cold water. Febrile symptoms, however, occasionally are consequent on some organic affection, and though the patient regards himself as affected with a fever, the complaint is often of a very different nature, and can only be discovered and combated by the nicest medical skill.

Erysipelas is rarely observed in children, yet a case occurred lately, in which an infant only six months old was affected with it. The head was much swelled, and as the complaint advanced, the face and eyelids became considerably tumified. There was a deep flush on the cheeks, and considerable fever marked the severity of the disease. At so tender an age it is difficult to give medicine, but in this instance the infant took it readily, and the

Plate

power of opening medicines was very evident in the speedy reduction of the complaint; for though other remedies were employed, the chief benefit was derived from frequent doses of calomel and antimonial powder.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE dry weather through the early part of last month enabled the farmers, in the most backward districts, to secure the latter harvest in the best manner; and was also most favourable for the wheat sowing upon clay soils, which so greatly predominate for that culture in this island. The young wheats come up well on the early sown breadths; but the clover lays in the southern counties could not be sown on account of the dry weather. The produce of last harvest rises a very inferior sample, even for seed, by reason of the mildew.

Barley yields abundantly; the quality is sound and fine, except on those farms where the crops were too large, being there much laid and hedge-grown.

Oats are a full average crop, but the quality rather inferior.

Beans are a large crop, and well harvested.

Peas are a productive crop, the quality fine, being more free from the maggot than in some preceding years.

Turnips and the whole of the brassica tribe have recovered much from the blue fly and mildew, with which they were affected in some situations in the preceding months.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 24.—WALKING DRESS.

AN Italian striped sarsnet lilac-coloured dress, ornamented round the bottom with a double quilling of satin ribband; short full sleeve, trimmed to correspond; the fronts of the dress cross the bosom and form an open stomacher; a Vandyke French ruff, and full bordered cap to correspond. The satin straw hat, tied under the chin with a check or striped Barcelona handkerchief, crossing the crown with a small plume of ostrich feathers in the front. French shawl, a white twill, embroidered with shaded scarlet and green silks, and fancifully disposed on the figure. Gloves, Limerick or York tan, drawn over the elbow. Half-boots of York tan or pale buff kid.

PLATE 25.—HALF-DRESS.

Green satin striped sarsnet frock, ornamented round the bottom with a rich border, embroidered with shaded chenille; long full sleeve, confined at the wrist, and trimmed with Vandyke lace. A bodice and apron made of clear muslin, trimmed entirely round with Vandyke lace, and headed with a double row of white satin ribband; falling collar, trimmed to correspond. Cap composed of blond lace and satin, tied under the chin with a silk cord and tassel. Neck-chain and heart of Oriental gold. Gloves, Limerick or French kid. Sandals of striped kid.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

BISHOP LATIMER.

This excellent prelate having preached a sermon before King Henry VIII. in which he touched on some topics displeasing to his Majesty, was commanded to preach again on the following Sunday, and to introduce an apology for the offence he had given in his discourse. After naming his text, the bishop thus commenced his sermon: "Hugh Latimer, dost thou know to whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the King's most excellent Majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore take heed that thou speakest not that which may displease. But then consider well, Hugh Latimer; dost thou not know from whence thou comest—upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God, who is all present, and beholdeth all thy ways—who is omnipotent, and able to cast both body and soul into hell together; therefore take heed and deliver thy message faithfully." He then proceeded with the same sermon he had preached the preceding Sunday, and confirmed it with redoubled energy. The sermon being ended, the court was full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain-dealing bishop. After dinner the king called for Latimer, and with a stern countenance asked him, "How he durst be so bold as to preach in this manner?" Falling on his knees, Latimer replied, "That his duty to his God and to his Prince had enforced him thereunto, and that he had merely discharged his office and conscience in what he had spoken, though his life was in his Majesty's hands." Upon this the king, raising the worthy prelate from his knees, embraced him, and exclaimed, "Blessed be God that I have so honest a servant!"

MERMAIDS.

The following letter has lately been addressed to the editor of an Edinburgh newspaper:—

Sir,—As the existence of mermaids is a point that had long been disputed *et adhuc sub judice lis est*, and as it may contribute in some degree to settle a point of so great importance to the naturalists, I send you the following account, which I received from two fishermen residing at Port Gordon, a small fishing village in this parish, whom I believe to be of undoubted veracity, and respectable enough in their station of life. As these men (Thomas Johnstone and William Gordon) were returning from their fishing, about three or four o'clock yesterday afternoon, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, the sea being perfectly calm, they observed, at a small distance from their boat, with its back towards them, and half its body above the water, a creature of a tawny colour, appearing like a man sitting with his body somewhat bent. Surprised at this, they approached him, till they came within a few yards, when the noise made by the boat occasioned the creature to turn about, which gave the men a better opportunity of observing him. His countenance was swarthy; his hair short and curled, of

a colour between a green and a grey; he had small eyes, a flat nose, his mouth was large, and his arms of an extraordinary length. Above the waist he was shaped like a man, but, as the water was clear, my informants could perceive that, from the waist downwards, his body tapered considerably; or, as they expressed it, like a large fish without scales, but they could not see the extremity. The men, however, had not long time to observe him; for, after looking steadfastly at him for about a quarter of a minute, he suddenly dived, but rose again at some distance from the boat, accompanied by another, whom the men supposed to be a female, as they could perceive she had breasts, and her hair was not curled, but reached to a little below the shoulders; the skin of this last one too was fairer than the other's. By this time the men had become considerably alarmed, and made to shore as fast as possible, and for some time they could perceive the mermaids looking after them. Soon after their arrival they called on me, and gave the above account, without the smallest variation between them; which, if you think proper, I shall be glad to see in your paper as soon as convenient.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

GEO. M'KENZIE, *Schoolmaster.*

School-House of Raffan, Aug. 16, 1814.

FORTUNATE MEETING.

In the commencement of a war, or the bursting out of a revolution, the mind is but little accustomed to contemplate the horrors and calamities with which every fresh occurrence, or every turn of events, is productive, as well in a national as an individual point of view. How many fathers have lost their children—how many children have lost their fathers, their sisters, and their brothers—how many families are ruined and turned adrift upon the wide world, and each heart doomed to brood over its own sorrows and sufferings, "alike unknowing and unknown" to those upon the right and on the left of the road, amid his solitary wanderings among the mass of mankind! If such be the natural consequences of war (and few there are who can reflect upon the subject, but must allow that every incident of warfare is pregnant with much misery), let the reader only imagine the wide-spread ruin and desolation which the late long and bloody contest has produced throughout all the ramifications of society, and he will be the better prepared to feel that sympathetic glow of nature warm his heart, which occurrences such as the following are alone capable of producing. The captain of the Don schooner, from Gottenburgh, while delivering a cargo of deals and iron to Messrs. Head and Co. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a few days ago, was accosted by a miserable looking young man, just returned from a French prison, beseeching a little employment. The captain, in reply, said, he was sorry that he was not in want of any additional hands, as his crew was fully adequate to discharge the cargo. The young man, in return, expressed his regret, but urged the captain to suffer him to work only for his meat, as he was literally starving. Commiserating his unhappy situation, the captain complied with the condition, and the young man went cheerfully to work

in the hold among the crew. Observing, on the second day, the eager assiduity of the stranger to discharge his duty, the captain asked him of what place he was a native? "Lerwick," he replied. "Lerwick — Lerwick!" rejoined the captain, "and what is your name?"—"James Work," replied the youth. Palpitating with eager anxiety, and afraid he might be mistaken, the captain immediately enquired if he had a brother. "I had," said he, "but it is a long time since I saw him."—"What is his name—his name?" almost breathless, enquired the master.—"Laurence Work," replied the youth.—"Then you must have had letters from your brother?" says the captain.—"Oh! yes, sir."—"Come, come, come along with me," said the captain, hastily, and immediately hurried him into the cabin. "Have you any objection to shew me those letters from your brother?" asked the captain. "Certainly not," said he, and immediately produced them. The captain, assured then almost to a certainty who the young man was, produced corresponding letters to himself, and upon the mutual correspondence being laid upon the table, each exclaimed—"*Brother!*" and they instantaneously rushed into each other's arms, and for several minutes their feelings were so overpowered with the warmth of their affections, that neither of them could speak till tears came to their relief. Here is a picture of real life, without the aid of fiction, in that of the iron, hard-favoured British sailor, subdued by the feelings of brotherly affection, pourtraying the sympathies of the heart by tears. The younger was but a child when they had last parted, and had grown up to manhood during the many years of their separation, which had produced such a change in both, that neither at first sight recognized the other.

Poetry.

TO A POET

WHO WISHED FOR SOMETHING NEW TO WRITE UPON.

You wish, you say, for something new;
My friend, your wish itself is old;
Poets, for years, have wish'd so too,
Yet no new themes could they unfold.
Is *Love* your choice? Then Love you'll find,
With all its darts, and flames, and sighs,
Its Hymen's throne, and Cupid blind,
Its necks, and lips, and cheeks, and eyes;
Have been so twisted up and down,
To tell each loving poet's pain,
There's scarce a lass that would not frown,
To be address'd in such a strain.
So 'tis with *War*, though fled its rage;
So oft it has been sung in rhyme,
There's not a man could write a page,
Would pay him for his loss of time.
Morality!—Oh! that's so old,
It scarcely is remember'd now;
He who should choose it must be bold;
This, my good friend, you will allow.
Philosophy!—In verse 'tis bad,
In prose it may produce some thinking;
Write on't in verse, they'll say you're mad;
Than that, you'd better write on drinking.
Physic, *Theology*, and *Law*,
Are names that terrify the Muses;
Methinks I hear them crying "Pshaw!"
As each her aid to these refuses.
Friendship's a pretty subject, too,
If such a thing could now be found;
But rhymes on friendship are not new,
So *Genius* here again is bound.
Genius!—I tremble at the name!
Had we but *that*, my gentle friend,
To every subject which we blame,
We then might new ideas lend.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Sep. 26 to Oct. 1.

TOTAL 12,547 quarters.—Average, 74s. 6d. per quarter, or 2s. 6¼d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Oct. 1 to 7.

TOTAL, 11,605 sacks.—Average, 73s. 11¼d. per sack, or 2¼d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Oct. 8.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	76	2	Barley	37	0	Beans	46	9
Rye -	46	10	Oats -	27	2	Pease	49	0

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white,	s.	s.	s.
per quarter	50	80	88
——red - -	46	74	82
——foreign	45	60	—
Rye - - -	38	42	—
Barley, English	28	38	—
Malt - - -	60	76	—
Oats Feed -	17	27	—
——Friezland	—	—	—
—— Poland	18	30	—
——Potatoe	25	35	—
Beans, Pigeon	40	42	—
——Horse -	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	56	64	—
——Grey -	44	50	—
Flour per sack	70	75	—
——Seconds	60	65	—
——Scotch	50	60	—

Tares, per	s.	s.	s.
bushel -	7	9	—
Turnip - -	16	22	—
Mustard,			
brown -	13	18	—
———white	10	16	—
Canary, per qr.	105	114	—
Hempseed -	70	82	—
Linseed - -	65	100	—
Clover, red,			
per cwt	45	90	—
——— white	75	112	—
——— foreign,			
red	50	95	—
——— white	80	110	—
Trefoil - -	12	34	—
Carraway -	80	96	—
Coriander -	18	22	—

American Flour — s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £30 a £32 a £—.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £14. 0s. to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	108	a	113
——— good	100	a	107
——— ordinary	92	a	98
East India white	85	a	120
——— yellow	78	a	84
——— brown	70	a	77

MOLASSES 45s. 0d. a —s. —d.

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves	208	a	220
Hambro' ditto	170	a	176
Powder ditto	164	a	168
Single ditto	162	a	166
Canary Lumps	156	a	160
Large ditto	152	a	154
Bastards, whole	104	a	106
——— faces	103	a	111
——— middles	100	a	106
——— tips -	92	a	96

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
——— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100
Plantation	65	0	a	80

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24
Cloves	10	0	a	10
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11
Mace	36	0	a	42
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—
——— black	2	5	a	2
Pimento	2	0	a	—

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 72s. 0¼d.

Our markets, both raw and refined, continue dull and rather drooping.

HOPS *in the Borough.*

BAGS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	5	a	8	8
Sussex - -	5	9	a	7	7
Essex - -	6	0	a	8	15

POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	6	0	a	10	10
Sussex - -	5	15	a	9	0
Farnham -	11	0	a	13	13

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

Oct.		Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s
Newcastle	8	50	a	78	28	a	38	20	a	32	44	a	46
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	15	68	a	76	35	a	38	24	a	30	46	a	50
Chesterfield	8	72	a	88	—	a	—	26	a	35	42	a	45
Ashborne	8	82	a	99	44	a	48	26	a	34	52	a	58
Guildford	15	—	a	—	34	a	38	26	a	33	44	a	54
Gainsboro'	11	68	a	82	42	a	—	22	a	27	46	a	—
Louth	12	65	a	72	36	a	40	18	a	22	40	a	42
Huntingdon	8	68	a	88	32	a	39	26	a	26	35	a	42
Newark	12	70	a	86	40	a	45	24	a	28	46	a	50
Spilsby	10	63	a	75	40	a	—	—	a	—	44	a	—
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Devizes	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Reading	15	40	a	94	33	a	36	22	a	29	42	a	52
Swansea	12	66	a	—	33	a	—	22	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	13	40	a	94	30	a	35	20	a	34	40	a	52
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Salisbury	11	60	a	76	30	a	35	25	a	31	48	a	5[illegible]
Penrith	11	76	a	—	34	a	—	28	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Basingstoke	12	60	a	84	29	a	33	24	a	32	46	a	5[illegible]
Wakefield	14	58	a	80	40	a	42	24	a	30	44	a	4[illegible]
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	15	60	a	86	34	a	38	30	a	40	52	a	5[illegible]

SPIRITS, *per Gallon (exclusive of duty*

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
——— Spanish	5	6	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
——— Lew, Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d
Mol. Spirits, British	13	1[illegible]
——— Irish -	0	[illegible]
——— Scotch	0	[illegible]
Spirits of Wine	24	[illegible]

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1814. SEP.	Wind.		Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain.
1	W	1	30,48	30,48	30,480	70,0°	62,0°	66,00°	brilliant	.062	
2	W	1	30,48	30,38	30,430	68,0	46,0	57,00	brilliant	.040	
3	N E	1	30,42	30,38	30,400	64,0	52,0	58,00	fine	.114	
4	Var.	1	30,42	30,38	30,400	64,0	44,0	54,00	brilliant	.060	
5	Var.	1	30,38	30,30	30,340	62,0	42,0	52,00	brilliant	.040	
6	S W	1	30,30	29,98	30,140	63,0	51,0	57,00	gloomy	.080	
☽ 7	N W	2	30,10	29,98	30,040	58,0	48,0	53,00	rainy	.060	—
8	N W	2	30,36	30,10	30,230	60,0	50,0	55,00	brilliant	.064	.280
9	N W	1	30,36	30,32	30,340	63,0	42,0	52,50	brilliant	.066	
10	N W	1	30,36	30,36	30,360	60,0	48,0	54,00	brilliant	.104	
11	N W	1	30,40	30,36	30,380	60,0	42,0	51,00	brilliant	.090	
12	N W	1	30,40	30,30	30,350	60,0	40,0	50,00	brilliant	.100	
● 13	N W	1	30,30	30,30	30,300	60,0	40,0	50,00	brilliant	.070	
14	Var.	1	30,30	30,30	30,300	62,0	42,0	52,00	brilliant	.030	
15	S W	1	30,30	30,24	30,270	66,0	43,0	54,50	brilliant	.060	
16	S W	1	30,24	30,18	30,210	68,0	44,0	56,00	brilliant	.060	
17	S W	1	30,18	30,18	30,180	69,0	45,0	57,00	brilliant	.088	
18	S W	1	30,22	30,18	30,200	70,0	48,0	59,00	brilliant	.092	
19	S	1	30,22	30,16	30,190	74,0	52,0	63,00	brilliant	.120	
20	S W	2	30,16	29,96	30,075	69,0	54,0	61,50	variable	.100	—
☾ 21	S W	2	29,96	29,80	29,880	70,0	54,0	62,00	rain	.066	—
22	S W	2	29,92	29,80	29,860	61,0	47,0	54,00	cloudy	.070	—
23	S W	2	29,80	29,76	29,780	61,0	47,0	54,00	cloudy	.044	
24	S W	1	29,76	29,62	29,690	65,0	55,0	60,00	cloudy	.036	—
25	S W	1	29,90	29,62	29,760	66,0	54,0	60,00	fine	.064	.690
26	S W	3	29,74	29,62	29,680	61,0	51,0	56,00	cloudy	.050	—
27	S W	2	29,94	29,74	29,840	62,0	52,0	57,00	fine	.076	
28	S W	1	30,12	29,94	30,080	62,0	45,0	53,50	brilliant	.054	
○ 29	E	2	30,24	30,12	30,160	60,0	45,0	52,50	gloomy	.046	
30	E	3	30,28	30,24	30,260	66,0	54,0	60,50	cloudy	.110	
				Mean	30,153		Mean	56,05		2,116	.970

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,153—Maximum, 30,48, wind W. 1.—Minimum, 29,62, wind S. W. 1.—Range, .86 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .32 inch, which was on the 6th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 2,05 inches.—Number of changes, 5.

Mean temperature, 56.°05.—Max. 74°, wind S. 1.—Min. 40°, wind N. W. 1.—Range 34.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 24°, which was on the 16th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,116 inches.

Fall of rain, .970 inches—rainy days, 6—snowy, 0—haily, 0.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	1	2	0	3	12	2	7	3	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814. SEPT.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	E	30,34	30,30	30,320	68°	58°	63,0°	fine	—	
2	N E	30,30	30,20	30,250	72	49	60,5	fine	—	
3	N E	30,28	30,20	30,240	65	45	55,0	cloudy	.32	—
4	N E	30,25	30,20	30,225	65	41	53,0	fine	—	
5	N	——	——	——	65	52	58,5	fine	—	
6	N W	——	——	——	65	54	59,5	showers	—	—
☽ 7	N W	29,94	29,67	29,805	57	53	55,0	showery	—	—
8	N E	30,05	29,94	29,995	61	53	57,0	cloudy	—	
9	N	30,06	30,05	30,055	61	49	55,0	cloudy	—	—
10	N	30,07	30,06	30,065	52	42	47,0	cloudy	—	—
11	N	30,15	30,06	30,105	62	38	50,0	fine	—	
12	N	30,15	30,13	30,140	58	36	47,0	fine	—	
● 13	S E	30,14	30,10	20,120	65	47	56,0	fine	1.40	
14	N W	30,14	30,12	30,130	65	45	55,0	fine	—	
15	S E	30,12	30,05	30,085	66	37	51,5	fine	—	
16	S E	30,00	29,98	29,990	67	46	56,5	fine	—	
17	E	30,01	29,95	29,980	72	40	56,0	fine	—	
18	N	30,05	30,01	30,030	74	36	55,0	fine	—	
19	S E	30,02	29,97	29,995	74	42	58,0	fine	.75	
20	S	29,97	29,76	29,865	76	44	60,0	fine	—	—
☾ 21	S W	29,76	29,70	29,730	67	43	55,0	cloudy	—	—
22	S W	29,79	29,75	29,770	62	40	51,0	cloudy	—	—
23	S	29,75	29,59	29,670	65	45	55,0	cloudy	—	.64
24	S W	29,57	29,52	29,545	71	59	65,0	showers	.52	—
25	S W	29,77	29,74	29,755	68	45	56,5	cloudy	—	—
26	S	29,74	29,65	29,695	65	55	60,0	cloudy	—	—
27	S W	29,76	29,75	29,755	66	47	56,5	cloudy	—	—
28	N	29,97	29,76	29,865	60	40	50,0	cloudy	—	—
○ 29	S E	29,97	29,94	29,955	62	51	56,5	cloudy	—	—
30	Var.	30,00	29,94	29,970	59	45	52,0	fine	.73	.77
			Mean	29,968		Mean	55,5	Total	3.72in	1.41in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, northerly — Mean height of barometer, 29,968 inches; highest observation, 30,34 inches; lowest, 29,52 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 55,5°.; —highest observation, 76° —lowest, 36°.—Total of evaporation, 3,72 inches.—Total of rain, 1,41 inches.

Notes.—7th. Showery—rain in the night.—8th. Overcast — windy — calm evening. — 9th. Cloudy—a few drops of rain.—10th. Windy—a slight shower at eight o'clock P. M.—11th Windy—fair day.—12th. Much dew—orange sky at sunset —16th. Brisk wind—calm at night. —17th. A very wet mist this morning—day fine.—19th. Misty morning—clear day —24th. Cloudy, damp, and close—lightning to the S. W. in the evening—heavy rain with thunder at nine o'clock.—26th. Cloudy and windy with showers.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for October, 1814.

Birmingham Fire Office .	£200	pr sh
Eagle Ditto . .	2 2s.	do.
Globe Ditto . .	110	do.
Hope Ditto . .	2 6s.	do.
Imperial Ditto . .	48 15s.	do.
Royal Exchange .	266	do.
East London Water-Works	70	do.
Chelsea Ditto . .	12 10s.	do.
Grand Junction Ditto .	34	do.
Portsmouth & Farlington Do.	21	do.
Birmingham Canal .	650	do.
Chesterfield Ditto .	100	do.
Coventry Ditto . .	810	do.
Grand Junction Ditto .	210	do.
Grand Union . .	92	do.
Grand Surry Ditto . .	61	do.
Grand Western . .	54	dis.
Leeds and Liverpool .	208	pr. sh.

Kennet and Avon Canal .	22. 5s.	per sh.
Montgomery Ditto . .	83	do.
Strowdwater Ditto . .	232	do.
Regent's Ditto .	23	dis.
Commercial Dock (New)	15	pm.
East India . .	122	ex. div.
East Country Ditto .	45	pr. sh.
London Ditto . .	94 a 96	do.
Strand Bridge . .	20	do.
——— Annuities . .	10	pm.
Highgate Archway . .	10	pr. sh.
Russell Institution .	18	do.
Surrey Ditto .	13	do.
London Com. Sale-Rooms	50	do.
Flour Company . .	5	do.
Gas Light & Coke Com. .	20	do.
Irish Tontine, £100 Debenture, 3d Class, 1775 .	58. 2s	do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	2d Om. for 1814.	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr.ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills,3½d.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. Oct. 12
Sep. 21	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
23	Shut	63¾ a ¼	63⅝	Shut	94½	Shut	5⅜ *Dis.*	62⅜	3 13/16	Shut	—	—	—	10 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*	£21.19s.	63¾ a ⅜
24	—	63¼ a 2⅝	63⅛	—	94⅛	—	6¼ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*		63½ a 2⅝
26	—	62 a ½	62⅞	80¾	93¼	—	6¼ a 7⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 *Pm.*	*Par.*		62 a ⅞
27	—	63¾ a 2⅞	63¾	—	94	—	6 a 5¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	7 *Pm.*	*Par.*		64 a 3⅝
28	—	62⅝ a 4⅛	64	81¼	94	—	6⅜ *Dis.*	62⅛	—	—	—	—	—	6 *Pm.*	1 *Dis.*		62¾ a 4¼
29	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
30	—	66½ a 65	65½	—	—	—	3⅜ *Dis.*	64⅝	—	—	—	—	190½	7 *Pm.*	1 *Dis.*		66¾ a 65
Oct. 1	—	65½ a 66	66⅜	—	95⅞	—	2⅜ *Dis.*	—	3⅞	—	—	—	—	9 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*		65⅝ a 6⅛
3	—	65¾ a 66	66¼	—	96	—	2 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	10 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*		66 a 5⅝
4	—	65½ a ⅛	65⅞	—	95¾	—	2⅞ *Dis.*	—	3⅞	—	—	—	—	9 *Pm.*	1 *Dis.*		65¾ a ⅛
5	—	65¼ a 66	66⅜	—	95⅝	—	1¾ *Dis.*	—	—	—	68	—	—	10 *Pm.*	2 *Dis.*		65⅜ a 6⅛
6	—	65⅜ a ⅞	66⅛	—	95¾	—	2 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 *Pm.*	*Par.*		65½ a 6
7	—	65⅝ a ⅞	66¼	—	96	16 7/16	2⅛ *Dis.*	—	—	—	68½	—	—	15 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*		65⅝ a ⅞
8	—	65¾ a ⅞	—	—	96⅛	—	2⅛ a ¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		65¾ a ⅞
10	—	65⅞ a 6⅛	66⅜	—	96½	—	2⅛ a 1⅞	—	—	—	—	—	—	16 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		65⅞ a 6⅛
11	248	65⅝ a ⅞	64⅝	81¼	96⅜	16 1/16	2⅛ a ⅜	—	—	—	68	64¼	189½	17 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		65⅝ a ⅞
12	250	65¾ a ¼	64½	81¼	96⅜	16 1/16	2¼ a ⅝	—	—	—	—	—	188½	16 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		66¼ a 5¾
13	249¼	65¼ a ¾	64½	81⅛	96¼	16	2¾ a ¼	—	—	—	—	—	188½	17 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*	Nov. 24	65⅝ a 6⅛
14	249½	65⅝ a ⅞	64⅞	81¼	96⅜	16 1/16	2 a ⅛	—	—	—	68½	—	189	16 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		66 a ¼
15	250½	65⅝ a 66	64⅞	81¼	96⅜	16 1/16	2¼ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	189¼	15 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		66 a ½
17	250½	66⅛ a 5¾	64⅞	81⅜	96⅜	16 1/16	2¼ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	64½	—	16 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		66⅛ a ⅜
18	250	65⅞ a ⅝	64¾	—	96¼	16 1/16	2⅜ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		66 a ⅛
19	250	65⅜ a ⅞	64⅝	81¼	96¼	16 1/16	2⅝ a ⅛	—	—	—	68	64⅜	189¾	14 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		65⅞ a 6¼
20	250	65⅜ a ⅞	64⅝	81¼	96¼	16 1/16	2⅛ a ⅝	—	—	93	—	—	189	14 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		66⅛ a 5⅝

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